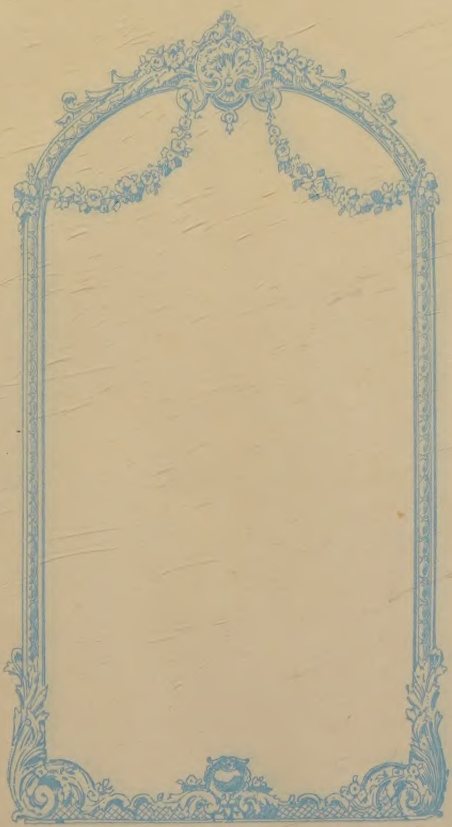
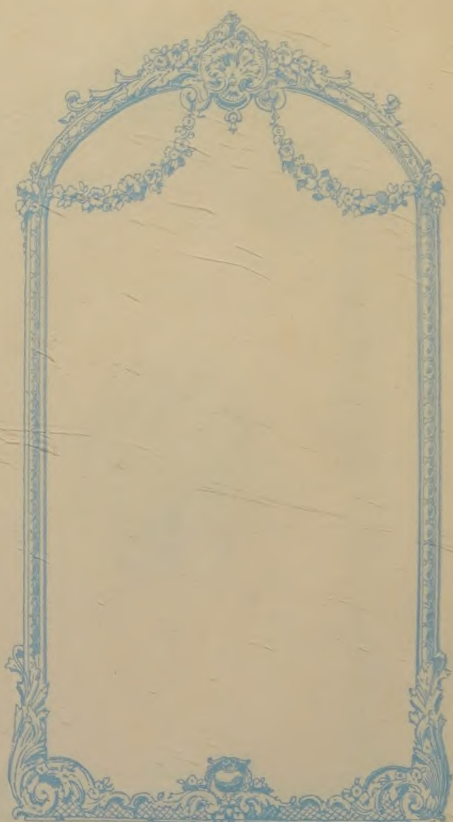


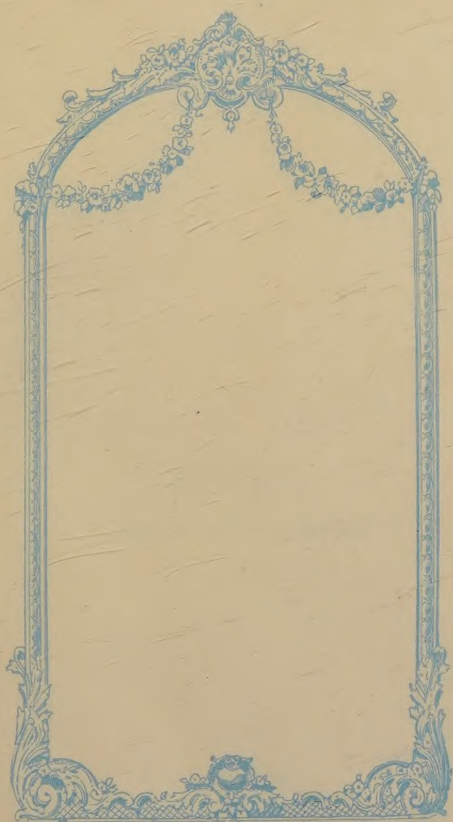


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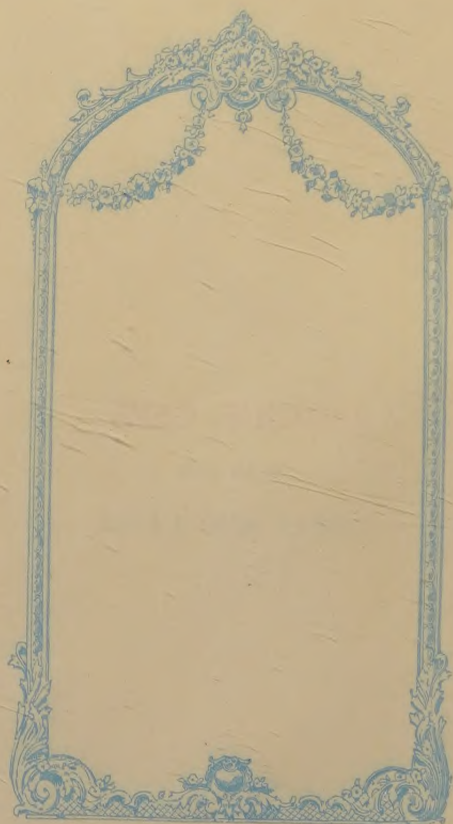


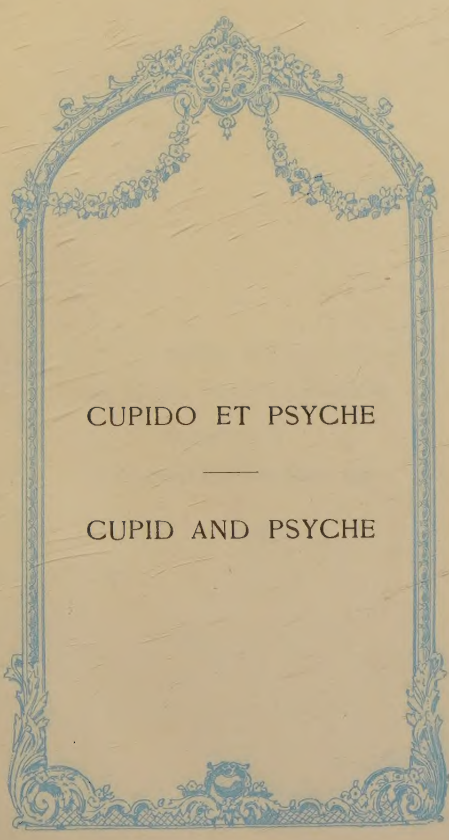




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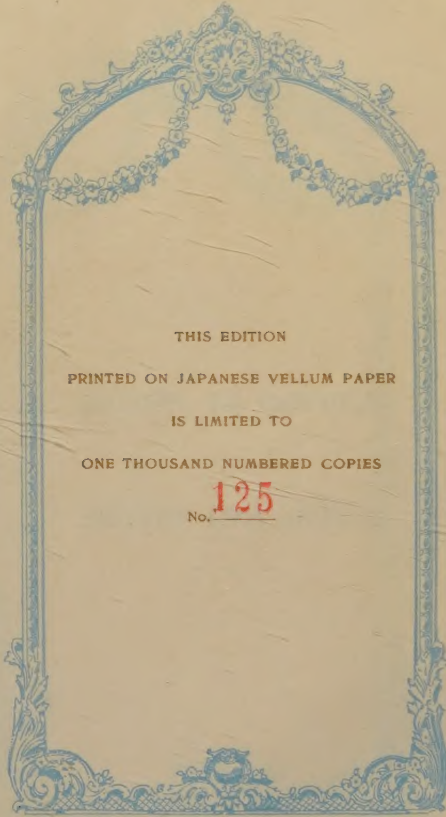
FROM THE
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CUPIDO ET PSYCHE

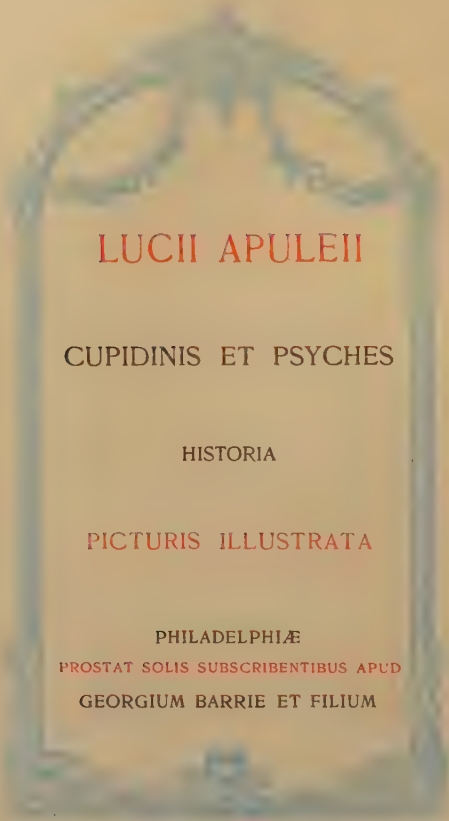
CUPID AND PSYCHE



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LUCII APULEII

CUPIDINIS ET PSYCHES

HISTORIA

PICTURIS ILLUSTRATA

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APULEIUS

CUPID AND PSYCHE

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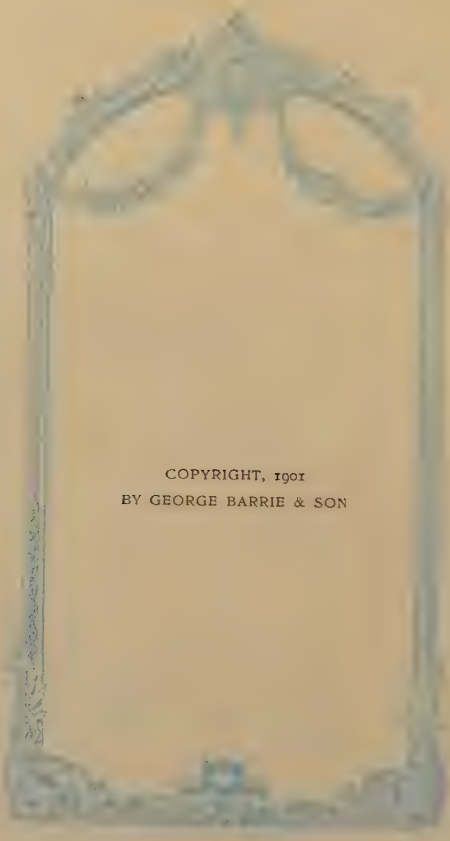
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INTRODUCTION



INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

Apuleius was born about 114 A. D., during the reign of Trajan, at Madaura, a Roman colony in Africa. Plutarch was then sixty-four years of age; Lucian was born some six years later. Latin literature was at that time aglow with a final outburst of brilliancy, and was still gloriously represented by Statius, Tacitus, Pliny, Suetonius, and Juvenal. It was in their school that Apuleius, who early in life came into possession of abundant means, studied literature and

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law at Rome. He had previously passed a considerable time at Athens, and had there become acquainted with the Greek language and philosophy. He returned to Africa, where he married a wealthy widow much older than himself, and settled definitively at Carthage, at the age of thirty-four. His wife, Pudentilla by name, was the mother of one Pontianus, a fellow-student of Apuleius at Athens; she had been an invalid throughout her widowhood,—some thirteen years,—and her medical advisers all agreed in prescribing marriage as a remedy for her complaint. Her son, desiring that the new husband should be one of his own choosing, begged Apuleius to do him the favor to become his

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stepfather, representing the affair (so Apuleius alleged) as an onerous service, such as one might ask a friend and philosopher to undertake.

But some unpleasant results followed the marriage. Before it was accomplished, Pontianus had married the daughter of one Rufinus, who tried to prevent Pudentilla's marriage in order that his son-in-law's fortune might not be impaired. Pontianus, under the influence of Rufinus, joined in the attempt to defeat the success of his own project; but Pudentilla persisted in her determination, and soon after her marriage Pontianus died. His uncle then joined Rufinus in a concerted attempt to ruin Apuleius. It was given out that he had

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poisoned Pontianus, that he was a magician, and had gained Pudentilla's affections by witchcraft. He was prosecuted on the latter charge, and tried at Sabrata before Claudius Maximus, Proconsul in Africa. It was on this occasion that he delivered the *Apologia*, or *Defence*, one of the small number of his works whose authenticity is unquestioned.

The prosecution failed, and there seems to have been thereafter nothing of moment to disturb the even tenor of his life of literary labor. For nearly fifty years, during the reigns of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, he enjoyed a very high reputation for eloquence. Being well versed in the divine mysteries, he was clothed with

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the most exalted priestly functions. Statues were erected to him during his lifetime, and his influence was so great, in Africa at all events, that we find it likened to that of Jesus Christ, even by the Fathers of the Church.

Apuleius was, above all, what we call to-day a *publicist*, and he produced a prodigious number of works in Greek and Latin. Only six have come down to us which can be ascribed to him with certainty ; they are all in Latin and all in prose : *Florida*, "commonly supposed to be an anthology from his orations, collected either by himself or by one of his admirers ; but more probably a collection of passages intended as proemia to sundry

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declamations, or to be introduced, as occasion might serve, into the body of an extemporaneous harangue;" the *God of Socrates*, a work which was roughly handled by Saint Augustine; a treatise on the *Doctrines of Plato*; the *De Mundo Liber*, a Greek treatise, erroneously ascribed to Aristotle; the *Apologia* referred to above; and, lastly, the *Metamorphoses*, or *The Ass*, called the *Golden Ass* by his contemporaries in their admiration. This, by far the most famous of his works, was probably written about 185 A. D., when the author, who died in 191, was seventy years of age. It has been mentioned in the introduction to the present edition of *The Ass* of Lucius of Patraë, to which it bears so close an analogy

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that it is inconceivable that there should not be some connection between them. The romance usually ascribed to Lucius of Patraë is a sort of skeleton of the *Golden Ass*, all of the adventures of the hero of the former being set forth in the latter in practically the same form, except that the *re-transformation* from ass to man is somewhat changed and much elaborated by Apuleius. But the *Golden Ass* differs materially from the much shorter work in that it is enriched with numerous "episodes," by which the thread of the narrative is broken at frequent intervals. One of these episodes forms the Second Story of the seventh day of the *Decameron*; and reminiscences, more or

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less vague, of others may be found in *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas*; but the best known and by far the most beautiful of them all is the story of *Cupid and Psyche*, which is told by the old woman in whose care the robbers leave the beautiful maiden, and who hangs herself because of the same maiden's escape on Lucius's back.

This charming episode has inspired the painters and sculptors of every age, and to it we owe the most fascinating creations of ancient and modern art. The illustrations of the present edition are after the pictures by Natoire surrounding the ceiling in the round salon of the Hôtel de Rohan-Soubise, on Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, Paris, now the National

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Archives. The borders are a reproduction of certain decorations of the same room, one of the most charming specimens of decorative art of the eighteenth century.







CUPIDO ET PSYCHE

I

Erant in quadam civitate rex et regina. Hi tres numero filias, forma conspicuas, habuere. Sed maiores quidem natu, quamvis gratissima specie, idonee tamen celebrari posse laudibus humanis credebantur; at vero puellæ minoris, tam præcipua,



CUPID AND PSYCHE

I

Once upon a time, there lived in a certain country a king and queen. They had three daughters, all very beautiful. But, lovely as were the two older ones, one might hope to find in the human vocabulary words of praise adequate to their deserts; whereas the youngest of the three

CUPIDO

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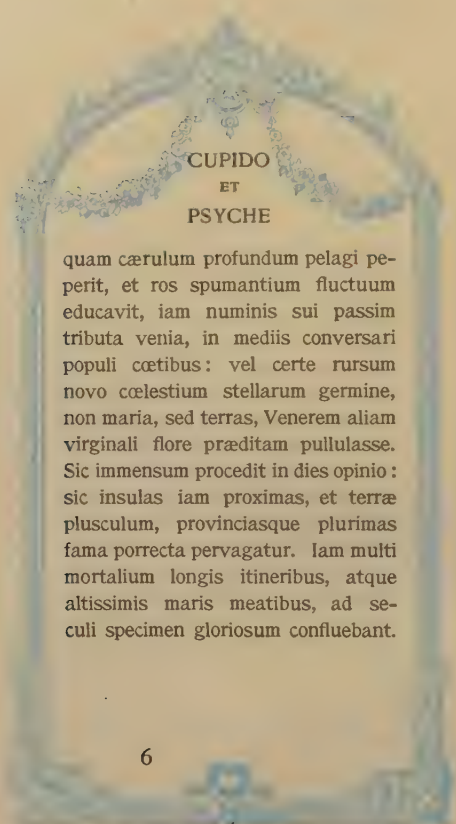
tam præclara pulchritudo, nec exprimi, ac ne sufficienter quidem laudari sermonis humani penuria poterat. Multi denique civium, et advenæ copiosi, quos eximii spectaculi rumor studiosa celebritate congregabat, inaccessæ formositatis admiratione stupidi, et admoventes oribus suis dexteram, primore digito in erectum pollicem residente, ut ipsam prorsus deam Venerem, religiosis adorationibus venerabantur.

Iamque proximas civitates, et attiguas regiones fama pervaserat, deam,

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was so rare a creature, so marvelously fair, that words were lacking to describe or to speak fittingly of her charms. The citizens of that country, foreigners, in a word, all peoples, gathered in multitudes, attracted by the renown of such a marvel of loveliness ; and when they had looked upon that beauty, with which naught else could be compared, they were stricken dumb with admiration ; and, putting their right hands to their lips, with the thumb and forefinger crossed, and prostrating themselves before her, offered her homage, with religious veneration, as if she had been Venus herself.

Through the neighboring cities and adjacent countries the tidings spread



CUPIDO

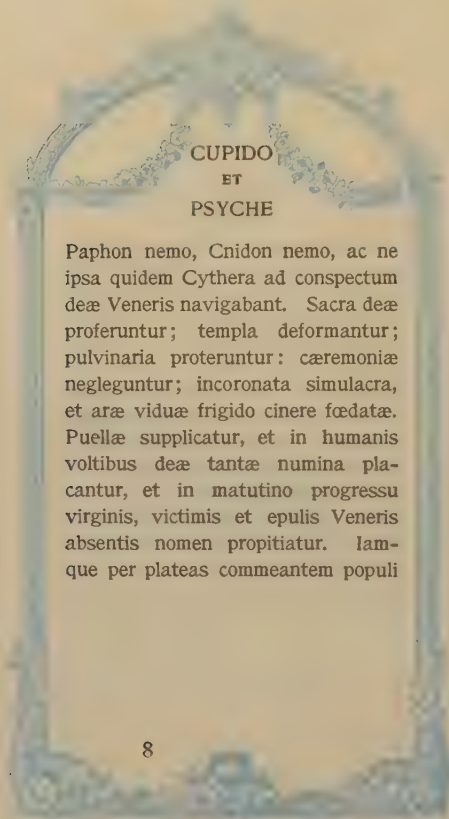
ET

PSYCHE

quam cœrulum profundum pelagi peperit, et ros spumantium fluctuum educavit, iam numinis sui passim tributa venia, in mediis conversari populi cœtibus: vel certe rursum novo cœlestium stellarum germine, non maria, sed terras, Venerem aliam virginali flore præditam pullulasse. Sic immensum procedit in dies opinio: sic insulas iam proximas, et terræ plusculum, provinciasque plurimas fama porrecta pervagatur. Iam multi mortalium longis itineribus, atque altissimis maris meatibus, ad seculi specimen gloriosum confluebant.

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that the goddess who was born in the azure depths of the sea and rose from the spray of the white-capped waves, had deigned to popularize her charms and to dwell among mortals; or at least that, by a new manifestation of the creative influence of the stars, the earth, and not the liquid element, had given birth to another Venus, with the flower of maidenhood. This belief made great strides from day to day; it spread to the neighboring islands and beyond, and then into all lands; in brief, it went all over the world. Curious mortals from all points of the compass made long journeys, by land and by sea, to behold that glorious marvel of the age.

A decorative, light blue floral border frames the entire page. It features a central arch at the top and a wide base at the bottom, with intricate scrollwork and leaf patterns on the sides.

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

Paphon nemo, Cnidon nemo, ac ne ipsa quidem Cythera ad conspectum deæ Veneris navigabant. Sacra deæ proferuntur; templa deformantur; pulvinaria proteruntur: cæremoniæ negleguntur; incoronata simulacra, et aræ viduæ frigido cinere fœdata. Puellæ supplicatur, et in humanis voltibus deæ tantæ numina placentur, et in matutino progressu virginis, victimis et epulis Veneris absentis nomen propitiatur. Iamque per plateas commeantem populi

A decorative floral border in a light blue or teal color frames the text. It features a central arch at the top and a symmetrical design with leaves and flowers extending downwards and outwards.

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No one went now to Paphos, no one to Cnidus, nor even to Cythera, there to gaze upon the goddess. Sacrifices at her shrines were intermitted, her temples fell into decay, her cushions were trampled under foot, her ceremonies neglected; no longer were her statues crowned with wreaths, and her deserted altars were defiled by stone-cold ashes. It was the maiden to whom all prayers were offered up; the goddess was worshipped beneath the features of a mortal; and when that maiden came forth in the morning, victims were sacrificed and festivals proffered to Venus, even though it was not Venus upon whom they gazed. When she passed through the streets, the people

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frequenter floribus sertis et solutis
adprecantur.

Hæc honorum cœlestium ad puellæ
mortalis cultum immodica translatio,
veræ Veneris vehementer incendit
animos: et, impatiens indignationis,
capite quassanti fremens altius, sic
secum disserit: "En rerum naturæ
prisca parens, en elementorum origo
initialis, en orbis totius alma Venus,
quæ cum mortali puella partiaro
maiestatis honore tractor! et nomen
meum cœlo conditum terrenis sordibus

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crowded about her, offering garlands to her, strewing flowers in her path, and addressing petitions to her.

The real Venus, seeing that divine honors were being bestowed with such exaggerated fervor upon a simple mortal, and that a mere girl was adored as a goddess, became furiously angry; she could not restrain her wrath; and, quivering with concentrated fury, she said to herself:

“How now! must I, Venus, the primal essence of nature, the source and germ of all the elements; must I, who make the whole universe fruitful, share with a mortal maid the honors due to my supreme rank! Must I be thus degraded! Must my name, held sacred in heaven, be profaned and

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profanatur. Nimirum communi numinis piamento vicariæ venerationis incertum sustinebo, et imaginem meam circumferet puella moritura. Frustra me pastor ille, cuius iustitiam fidemque magnus comprobavit Iupiter, ob eximiam speciem tantis prætulit deabus. Sed non adeo gaudens ista, quæcumque est, meos honores usurpabit. Iam faxo huius etiam ipsius illicitæ formositatis poeniteat."

Et vocat confestim puerum suum, pinnatum illum, et satis temerarium: qui malis suis moribus contempta disciplina publica, flammis et sagittis

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debased on earth ! So another is to share the homage paid to my divinity ! I am doomed to see men hesitate whether they should adore Venus or that creature ! And who will represent me among mortals ? A mortal ! To no purpose, then, did the renowned shepherd, whose just and equitable judgment was confirmed by mighty Jove, prefer me, because of my wondrous charms, to two great goddesses ! But no ! this shall be no lasting triumph ! Let her tremble, whoever she may be, who dares usurp my honors ! Venus will make her repent her impudent beauty !”

Forthwith, she summoned her son, that saucy, winged boy, who, in his perversity, defies public morality, goes

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armatus, per alienas domos nocte
discurrens, et omnium matrimonia
corrumpens, impune committit tanta
flagitia, et nihil prorsus boni facit.
Hunc, quamquam genuina licentia
procacem, verbis quoque insuper stim-
ulat: Perducit ad illam civitatem, et
Psychen (hoc enim nomine puella nun-
cupabatur) coram ostendit. Et tota
illa perlata de formositatis æmulatione
fabula gemens ac fremens indigna-
tione, "Per ego te," inquit, "ma-
ternæ caritatis fœdera deprecor, per

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about armed with torches and arrows, visiting strange houses by night, sowing discord in every household, committing the greatest offences with impunity, and never doing the least thing that is good. Although his in-born mischief-making spirit is always disposed to do evil, Venus incited him thereto still more by her words. She took him to the city in question, and pointed Psyche—that was the maiden's name—out to him. She told him how that girl's beauty had become a rival of her own, and was the prevailing subject of conversation. Her indignation found vent in groans of rage.

“My son,” she said, “by the affection which unites us, by the blissful

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tuæ sagittæ dulcia vulnera, per flammæ istius mellitas uredines, vindictam tuæ parenti, sed plenam tribue : et in pulchritudinem contumacem reverenter vindica ; idque unum et præ omnibus unicum volens effice. Virgo ista amore flagrantissimo teneatur hominis extremi ; quem et dignitatis et patrimonii simul et incolumitatis ipsius fortuna damnavit, tamque infimi, ut per totum orbem non inveniatur miseræ suæ comparem."

Sic effata, et osculis hiantibus filium diu ac pressule saviata, proximas oras reflui littoris petit, plantisque roseis

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wounds made by your arrows, by the flames with which you cause hearts to burn with ecstasy, avenge your mother, but avenge her to the full, and punish this upstart beauty, like a respectful son. I make but one request of you; deign to grant it: let this girl be inflamed with a most violent passion for the lowest of mankind; for a miserable wretch condemned by fortune to lack social position, wealth, and even means of livelihood; in a word, for a creature so degraded that such another cannot be found in the whole world."

She spoke, and her parted lips lavished long, burning kisses on her son. Then she sought the strand near by, which the sea bathes with its waves,

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vibrantium fluctuum summo rore calcato, ecce iam profundi maris udo resedit vertice; et ipsum quod incipit velle, statim quasi pridem præceperit, non moratur marinum obsequium.

Adsunt Nerei filiae, chorum canentes, et Portunus cæulis barbis hispidus, et gravis piscoso sinu Salacia, et auriga parvulus delphini Palæmon; iam passim maria persultantes Tritonum catervæ. Hic concha sonaci leniter buccinat: ille serico tegmine

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and, skimming the tops of the undulating billows with her pink feet, she seated herself in her chariot, which forthwith moved over the azure surface of the bottomless Ocean. At the first wish which her mind conceived, the divinities of the deep, as if she had given her orders long before, instantly encompassed her with their homage. There were the daughters of Nereus, singing in chorus, and Portunus with his bristling, bluish beard; Salacia, with the folds of her gown laden with fish; little Palæmon, driving a dolphin; and bands of Tritons, leaping about upon the waves on all sides. One produced melodious notes from a resonant shell; another sheltered her with a silk screen from

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flagrantiae solis obsistit inimici : alius
sub oculis dominae speculum praegerit:
currus biuges alii subnatant. Talis
ad Oceanum pergentem Venerem
comitatur exercitus.

interea Psyche cum sua sibi per-
spicua pulchritudine nullum decoris
sui fructum percipit. Spectatur ab
omnibus, laudatur ab omnibus : nec
quisquam, non rex, non regius, nec de
plebe saltem, cupiens eius nuptiarum
petitor accedit. Mirantur quidem
divinam speciem, sed ut simula-
crum fabre politum mirantur omnes.
Olim duae maiores sorores, quarum

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the persistent heat of the sun; another held a mirror before her eyes; others, swimming beneath her chariot drawn by two steeds, raised it aloft. Such was the train which attended Venus when she went to pay a visit to Oceanus.

Meanwhile, Psyche, with her marvellous beauty, derived no benefit from so great a wealth of charms. Everybody gazed at her, everybody lavished words of praise upon her; and nobody, neither king, nor prince, nor commoner, came forward to ask and obtain her hand. People admired, it is true, that goddess-like face and form, but as one admires a magnificent statue. Long, long before, her two older sisters, whose

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temperatam formositatem nulli diffamarant populi, procis regibus desponsæ, iam beatas nuptias sunt adeptæ : sed Psyche viro vidua domi residens, deflet desertam suam solitudinem, ægra corporis, animi saucia ; et, quamvis gentibus totis complacitam, odit in se suam formositatem.

Sed infortunatissimæ filiæ miserimus pater, suspectatis cœlestibus odiis, et iræ superum metuens, dei milesii vetustissimum percontatur oraculum : et tanto numine precibus et victimis ingrata virgini petit

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commonplace beauty had aroused no sensation, had made brilliant marriages with kings; while Psyche, condemned to celibacy, remained with her parents, bewailing her solitary and neglected lot; physical suffering intensified the aching of her heart; and she detested that fatal beauty, which had, none the less, earned the laudation of all peoples.

The unhappy princess's father was in despair, believing that he had incurred the wrath of the gods; and, in mortal dread of that wrath, he questioned an ancient oracle of the god who is adored at Miletus. He prayed, and offered victims to that potent divinity in behalf of the virgin who was unable to attract the love of

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nuptias et maritum. Sed Apollo,
quamquam Græcus et Ionicus, propter
Milesiæ conditorem, sic latina
sorte respondit :

Môntis in excelsi scopulo desiste
puellam

Ornatam mundo funerei thalami :
Nec speres generum mortali stirpe
creatum,

Sed sævum atque ferum, vipereum-
que malum ;

Qui pinnis volitans super æthera,
cuncta fatigat,

Flammaque et ferro singula de-
bilitat :

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men; he implored for her the rite of marriage and a husband. And Apollo—in Latin verses, although he was a Greek and an Ionian through the founder of Miletus, who had erected altars to him there—Apollo made the following reply :

On some high mountain's craggy
summit place
The virgin, deck'd for deadly nuptial
rites;
Nor hope a son-in-law of mortal
race,
But a dire mischief, viperous and
fierce;
Who flies through æther, and with
fire and sword
Tires and debilitates whate'er exists,

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Quem tremit ipse Iovis : quo numina
terrificantur
Flumina quem horrescunt et stygiæ
tenebræ.

Rex olim beatus, affatu sanctæ vaticinationis acceptæ, piger tristisque retro domum pergit, suæque coniugi præcepta sortis enodat infaustæ. Mœretur, fletur, lamentatur diebus plusculis. Sed diræ sortis iam urget teter effectus. Iam feralium nuptiarum miserrimæ virgini choragium struitur. Iam tædæ lumen atræ fuliginis

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Terrific to the powers that reign on
high;
E'en mighty Jove the wing'd de-
stroyer dreads,
And streams and Stygian shades
abhor the pest.

The once happy king returned to his
palace, crushed with discouragement
and grief, when he had listened to
the response of the divine oracle, and
told the queen of the dreadful decree
of fate. They wept and lamented in
dire distress for several days; but the
hour to obey the cruel behest of the
oracle drew near. All needful prepa-
rations were made for the ill-fated
maiden's joyless nuptials. The mar-
riage torch was replaced by smoking

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cinerem arcessit: et sonus tibiæ
zygiæ mutatur in querulum lydium,
cantusque lætus Hymenæi lugubri
finitur ululatu: et puella nuptura
deterget lacrymas ipso suo flammeo.
Sic affectæ domus triste fatum cuncta
etiam civitas congemebat, luctuque
publico confestim congruens edicitur
iustitium.

Sed monitis cœlestibus parendi
necessitas misellam Psychen ad des-
tinatam pœnam efflagitabat. Per-
fectis igitur feralis thalami cum
summo mœrore solemnibus, toto

A decorative floral border with a central arch and symmetrical side flourishes, framing the title and text.

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brands of the color of soot and ashes. Instead of the notes of the nuptial pipes, arose the plaintive strains of the Lydian melody; and the joyous wedding songs became mournful lamentations; the betrothed maiden wiped her tears away with her very wedding veil. The sad fatality which had fallen upon that family aroused the sympathy of the whole city; and the universal grief at once decreed—too justly, alas!—a season of general mourning.

But the necessity of obeying the mandates of the gods summoned the unhappy Psyche to the torture which was in store for her. With the most intense sorrow, the ceremony of that marriage with death was performed,

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prosequente populo, vivum producitur
funus : et lacrymosa Psyche comita-
tur non nuptias, sed exsequias suas.
Ac, dum mœsti parentes, et tanto
malo perciti, nefarium facinus per-
ficere cunctantur, ipsa illa filia talibus
eos adhortatur vocibus : “ Quid infe-
licem senectam fletu diutino cruciatis ?
Quid spiritum vestrum, qui magis
meus est, crebris eiulatibus fatigatis ?
Quid lacrymis inefficacibus ora mihi
veneranda fœdatis ? Quid laceratis

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and the funeral procession of the living set forth, followed by the whole population. Psyche, a fitting cause of tears, walked, we may not say in her wedding, but in her funeral procession. And, while her father and mother, heavy with sorrow, shrank from consummating that inhuman deed, it was Psyche herself, their daughter, who encouraged them to proceed, with such words as these:

“Why distress your unhappy old age with this ceaseless weeping? Why wear out, by never-ending sobs, that life which belongs to me rather than to you? Why distort your features, which I so venerate, by fruitless tears? Why, by torturing your own

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in vestris oculis mea lumina? Quid
canitiem scinditis? Quid pectora,
quid ubera sancta tunditis? Hæc
erunt vobis egregiæ meæ formositatis
præclara præmia. Invidiæ nefariæ
letali plaga percussi, sero sentitis.
Cūm gentes et populi celebrarent
nos divinis honoribus, cum novam
me Venerem ore consono nuncupa-
rent: tunc dolere, tunc flere, tunc me
iam quasi peremptam lugere debuis-
tis. Iam sentio, iam video, solo me
nomine Veneris perisse. Ducite me,
et, cui sors addixit, scopulo sistite.

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eyes, do you torture mine ? Why tear
your hair ? Why, father, do you lacer-
ate your chest, and you, mother, your
venerated breasts ? These, then, are
destined to be the glorious avails of
my rare beauty ! Cruel envy deals
you a fatal blow ; alas ! that you
might not sooner have discovered it !
When the nations and the people be-
stowed divine honors upon me, when
with one voice they called me a second
Venus—ah ! that was the time when
you should have lamented, shed tears,
and bewailed me as one already
stricken by death ! To-day, I see, I
feel, that it is that name of Venus,
that alone, which has been my ruin.
Let them lead me to the rock to which
fate has condemned me, and leave me

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ET

PSYCHE

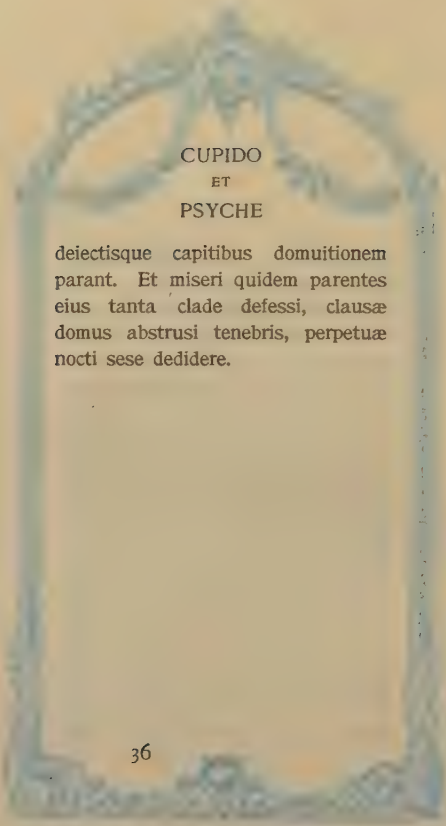
Festino felices istas nuptias obire;
festino generosum illum maritum
meum videre. Quid differo? quid
detrecto venientem, qui totius orbis
exitio natus est?"

Sic profata virgo conticuit: in-
gressuque iam valido pompæ populi
prosequenti sese miscuit. Itur ad
constitutum scopulum montis ardui:
cuius in summo cacumine statutam
puellam cuncti deserunt: tædasque
nuptiales, quibus præluxerant, ibi-
dem lacrymis suis extinctas relin-
quentes. Choragio itaque perfecto,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

there. I am in haste to consummate this blessed marriage; I long to see this noble spouse to whom I belong. Why should I delay? why should I try to avoid the coming of him who was born to be the scourge of the whole world?"

Thus spake the maiden; then she held her peace, and walked with a firm step amid the throng of people who followed her. They reached the designated cliff: it was a steep mountain side, at the top of which they placed the doomed maiden, and left her there alone, with the nuptial torches which had shed light on the ceremony, and which were extinguished by their tears. The people returned, with hanging heads, to their



CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

deiectisque capitibus domuitionem
parant. Et miseri quidem parentes
eius tanta clade defessi, clausæ
domus abstrusi tenebris, perpetuæ
nocti sese dedidere.

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

hones. As for the wretched parents, overwhelmed by Psyche's terrible misfortune, they secluded themselves in the depths of their palace, and condemned themselves to perpetual darkness.



II

Psychem autem paventem ac trepidam, et in ipso scopuli vertice deflentem, mitis aura molliter spirantis Zephyri, vibratis hinc inde laciniis, et reflato sinu sensim levatam, suo tranquillo spiritu vehens, paulatim



II

Psyche, trembling with terror on the mountain top, was weeping bitterly, when suddenly the gentle breath of Zephyr, playing amorously in the air, blew upon the dress she wore and insensibly bellied out its folds. Psyche found herself raised, without shock, and borne gently away by a soft breeze; she glided imperceptibly down

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

per devexa rupis excelsæ, vallis sub-
ditæ florentis cespitis gremio leniter
delapsam, reclinat.

Psyche teneris et herbosis locis, in
ipso toro roscidi graminis, suave re-
cubans, tanta mentis perturbatione
sedata dulce conquievit. Iamque
sufficienti recreata somno, placidiore
resurgit animo. Videt lucum proceris
et vastis arboribus consitum : videt
fontem vitreo latice pellucidum, medio
luci meditullio. Prope fontis adlap-
sum domus regia est, ædificata non
humanis manibus, sed divinis arti-
bus. Iam scies ab introitu primo, dei
cuiuspiam luculentum et amœnum

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

into a deep valley which lay beneath her; and soon found herself reclining luxuriously on a flower-strewn greensward.

As she lay upon the close, soft grass which formed a cool carpet of verdure, Psyche recovered somewhat from her great distress, and yielded to the wooing of sweet repose. Refreshed by slumber, she arose with a more tranquil mind. She saw a forest of tall trees with dense foliage, and in the centre of that forest a spring as clear as crystal. Close beside the banks bathed by its waves, there stood a royal abode, built by no mortal hands, but by divine skill. From the doorway alone, you might know that it was the abode of some deity, so magnificent it

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

videre te deversorium. Nam summa
laquearia citro et ebore curiose cavata
subeunt aureæ columnæ. Parietes
omnes argenteo cælamine contegun-
tur, bestiis et id genus pecudibus oc-
currentibus ob os introeuntium. Mirus
prorsum homo, imo semideus, vel certe
deus, qui magnæ artis subtilitate
tantum efferavit argentum. Enim-
vero pavimenta ipsa lapide pretioso
cæsim diminuto, in varia picturæ
genera discriminantur. Vehementer
iterum ac sæpius beatos illos, qui

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

was, and so pleasing to the eye. The panels of the ceiling, of lemon wood and ivory, artistically carved, were supported by golden pillars. All the walls were covered with silver bas-reliefs of beasts, wild and tame; these things met the eye as soon as you entered. He must have been a mortal of superhuman talent—what do I say?—a demi-god, nay, rather a veritable god—who could carry subtlety of execution so far, and could convert so great a mass of silver into lifelike wild animals. The very floor was a mosaic of precious stones, cut into numberless small pieces, and so arranged as to form many diversified pictures. Oh! thrice and again blessed, they who walk

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

super gemmas et monilia calcant !
Iam ceteræ partes longe lateque dispositæ domus, sine pretio pretiosæ, totique parietis solidati massis aureis, splendore proprio coruscant ; ut diem suum sibi domus faciat, licet sole nolente : sic cubicula, sic porticus, sic ipsæ valvæ fulgurant. Nec secius opes ceteræ maiestati domus respondent ; ut equidem illud recte videatur ad conversationem humanam magno Iovi fabricatum cœleste palatium.

Invitata Psyche talium locorum oblectatione, propius accessit : et paulo fidentior intra limen sese facit. Mox,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

upon pearls and diamonds! The other portions of that vast edifice were also of inestimable value. The walls, sheathed in solid gold, shone with a splendor beyond compare; indeed, the rooms, the galleries, the very doors, so flashed and sparkled, that the palace would have supplied itself with light, had the sun denied its aid! The rest was on the same scale of magnificence; and the natural thought was that no other than the all-powerful Jove himself had caused that celestial palace to be built, therein to hold converse with mortals.

Allured by the charm of that beautiful abode, Psyche drew nearer; and, already grown bolder, ventured to cross the threshold. Ere long,

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

prolectante studio pulcherrimæ visionis, miratur singula, et altrinsecus ædium horrea sublimi fabrica perfecta, magnisque congesta gazis conspicit. Nec est quidquam, quod ibi non est. Sed præter ceteram tantarum divitiarum admirationem, hoc erat præcipue mirificum, quod nullo vinculo, nullo claustro, nullo custode totius orbis thesaurus ille muniebatur.

Hæc ei summa cum voluptate visenti offert sese vox quædam corporis sui nuda, et: "Quid," inquit, "domina, tantis obstupescis opibus? Tua sunt hæc omnia. Prohinc cubiculo te

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

yielding to the magnetic attraction of so many marvellous things, she looked all about with wondering eyes, and, on the upper floors, was dazzled by galleries of a superb style of architecture, wherein treasures of great value were amassed. Whatever the world produced was found there. But, amid the surprise caused by the sight of such enormous wealth, she marvelled most of all at the absence of barriers or guards to defend that treasure-house of the world.

While she was gazing with infinite pleasure upon all these things, a voice issuing from an invisible body fell upon her ear: "Why, my queen," it said, "dost thou marvel at this great wealth? All is thine. Enter,

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

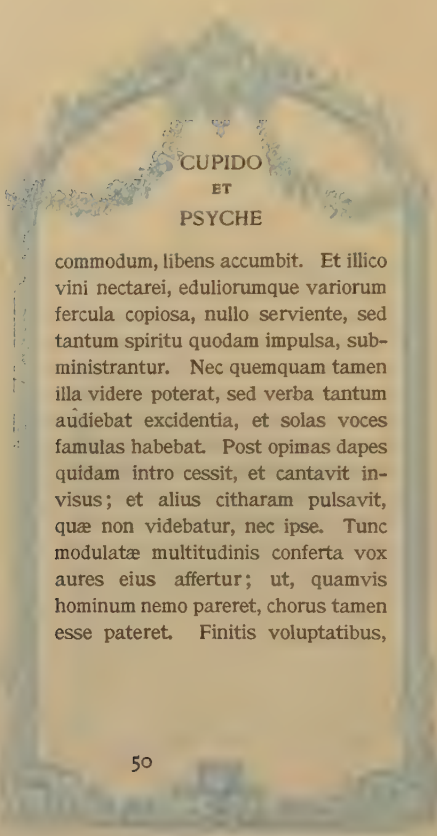
offer, et lectulo lassitudinem refove,
et ex arbitrio lavacrum pete. Nos,
quarum voces accipis, tuæ famulæ,
sedulo tibi præministrabimus; nec
corporis curatæ tibi regales epulæ
morabuntur.”

^ Sensit Psyche divinæ providentiæ
beatitudinem: monitusque voces in-
formes audiens, et prius somno, et
mox lavacro fatigationem sui diluit.
Visoque statim proximo semiro-
tundo suggestu propter, instrumen-
tum cœnatorium rata, refectui suo

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

therefore, and rest from thy weariness on one of these beds; seek refreshment in the bath, whenever thou art pleased to do so. We, whose voices thou hearest, are assigned to thy service: we will zealously carry out thy commands; and when thou hast given due attention to thy person, the royal banquet which is being prepared for thee will speedily appear."

Psyche recognized the welcome presence of a protecting divinity; and, heeding the words of that invisible adviser, she first of all sought repose in sleep, then stepped into a bath, where her fatigue soon vanished. Suddenly, she espied a semicircular table close beside her; and, judging rightly that it held a repast prepared

A decorative arch frame made of stylized leaves and vines, enclosing the title and text.

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

commodum, libens accumbit. Et illico vini nectarei, eduliorumque variorum fercula copiosa, nullo serviente, sed tantum spiritu quodam impulsa, subministrantur. Nec quemquam tamen illa videre poterat, sed verba tantum audiebat excidentia, et solas voces famulas habebat. Post opimas dapes quidam intro cessit, et cantavit invisus; et alius citharam pulsavit, quæ non videbatur, nec ipse. Tunc modulatæ multitudinis conferta vox aures eius affertur; ut, quamvis hominum nemo pareret, chorus tamen esse pateret. Finitis voluptatibus,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

for her in order to restore her strength, she gladly seated herself. In a twinkling, wines sweet as nectar and a vast variety of dishes plentifully laden were placed before her, as if wafted thither by a breath, for no mortal creature appeared. She could see no one at all; she heard naught but words, which flew about in the air, and she was served by voices alone. After that delicious repast, there came an invisible musician, who sang; another played the lyre; but neither man nor instrument could she see; then her ears were greeted by a concerted piece, executed by a great number of voices; and, although no human being appeared, it was evident that there was a large chorus. After

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

vespera suadente, concedit Psyche
cubitum.

Iamque provecta nocte, clemens
quidam sonus aures eius accidit.
Tunc virginitati suæ pro tanta soli-
tudine metuens, et pavet, et hor-
reſcit; et quovis malo plus timet,
quod ignorat. Iamque aderat igno-
bilis maritus, et torum inscenderat,
et uxorem sibi Psychen fecerat, et
ante lucis exortum propere disces-
serat: statim voces cubiculo præ-
stolatae, novam nuptam interfectæ
virginitatis curant. Hæc diutino

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

all this entertainment, Psyche, seeing that the day was nearing its close, returned to her room to sleep.

The night was far advanced, when a faint sound caught her ear. Trembling for her virginity, as she was so entirely alone, she was oppressed by alarm blended with horror; and, more than all possible disasters, she dreaded a danger which she did not know. The unknown spouse was already at hand; he took his place in her bed; he made Psyche his wife; and, before sunrise, he hurriedly withdrew. A moment later, the voices, which had been in attendance at the door of her chamber, offered their zealous services to the young bride whose virginity had vanished. This

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

tempore sic agebantur. Atque, ut est natura redditum, novitas per assiduam consuetudinem delectationem ei commendarat: et sonus vocis incertae solitudinis erat solatium.

Interea parentes eius indefesso luctu atque mœrore consenescebant. Latiusque porrecta fama, sorores illae maiores cuncta cognorant: propereque mœstae atque lugubres, deserto Lare, certatim ad parentum suorum conspectum, affatumque perrexerant. Ea nocte ad suam Psychen sic inquit maritus (namque præter oculos, et manibus et auribus sentiebatur):

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

state of affairs continued for a long while. It naturally came about that habit made this new existence sweet to her; and the mysterious voices consoled her for her solitude.

Meanwhile, her father and mother grew old in their sorrow, which nothing happened to assuage. The report of the occurrence having spread abroad, the two older sisters had learned the whole story; and, forthwith, stricken with grief, had left their homes and hastened to their parents, to see them and converse with them.

Now, on the very night of their return, the husband spake thus to his Psyche—for, although he was invisible, she was quite able to touch him and to hear his voice:

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

“Psyche dulcissima, et cara uxor, exitiabile tibi periculum minatur Fortuna sævior, quod observandum pressiore cautela censeo. Sorores iam tuæ mortis opinione turbatæ, tuumque vestigium requirentes, scopulum istum protinus aderunt. Quarum si quas forte lamentationes acceperis; neque respondeas, immo nec prospicias omnino. Ceterum, mihi quidem gravissimum dolorem, tibi vero summum creabis exitium.”

Adnuit, et ex arbitrio mariti se facturam spondit. Sed eo simul cum

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

"Psyche, my sweet love, my adored spouse, cruel Fate threatens thee with a terrible danger, and thou canst not use overmuch precaution to shelter thyself from it. Thy sisters, afflicted by the thought of thy death, are seeking thy traces, and ere long they will reach this cliff. If, perchance, thou dost hear their lamenting, say no word in reply, do not venture even to cast a single glance at them. Shouldst thou do so, it would cause me the deepest grief, and would result in terrible disaster to thee."

Psyche listened to her husband's injunctions, and promised to abide by his wishes. But when he had disappeared with the darkness, she

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

nocte dilapso, diem totum lacrymis ac plangoribus misella consumit: se nunc maxime prorsus perisse iterans, quæ beati carceris custodia septa, et humanæ conversationis colloquio viduata, ne sororibus quidem suis de se mœrentibus opem salutarem ferre, ac ne videre eas quidem omnino posset. Nec lavacro, nec cibo, nec ulla denique refectioe recreata, flens ubertim, decessit ad somnum.

Nec mora, quum paulo maturius lectum maritus accubans, eamque

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

passed the livelong day lamenting and complaining like a lost soul, repeating again and again that now, indeed, she realized more fully than ever that she was lost. Great heaven! to think of being confined in that prison! Alas! of what value were its joys, if she must be forever deprived of all intercourse with mortals; if she could not say a word of comfort to her sisters, who were grieving over her fate; if she could not even see them for an instant! She spurned everything: bath, food, in a word, whatever would give her strength; and she was weeping bitterly when she retired.

An instant after, her husband came—somewhat earlier than usual—and

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

etiamnunc lacrymantem complexus,
sic expostulat: "Hæccine mihi pollice-
bare, Psyche mea? Quid iam de te
tuus maritus exspecto? Quid spero?
Et perdia, et pernox, nec inter am-
plexus coniugales desinis cruciatum.
Age iam nunc, ut voles, et animo tuo
damnosa poscenti pareto: tamen me-
mineris meæ seriæ monitionis, cum
cæperis sero pœnitere."

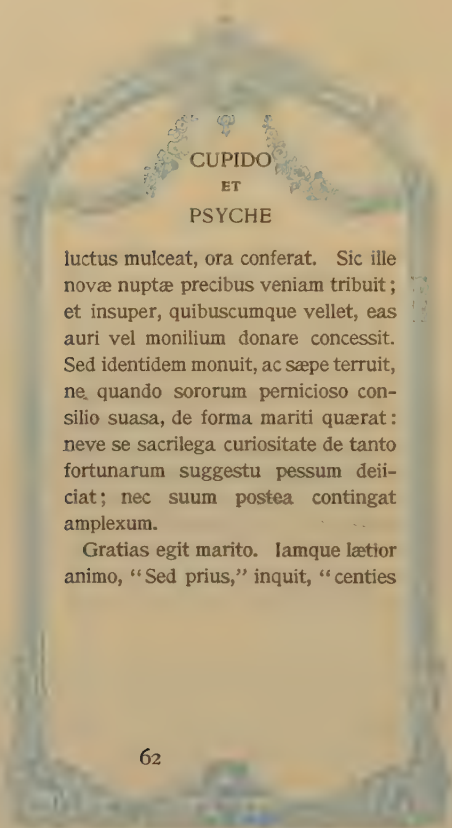
Tunc illa precibus, et dum se mori-
turam comminatur, extorquet a ma-
rito, cupitis adnuat, ut sorores videat,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

took his place by her side; and, as he kissed her tear-bedewed face, he rebuked her thus:

"Is this what my Psyche promised me? Can thy husband henceforth expect nothing, hope for nothing, from thee? Day and night, even in thy husband's arms, thou dost sob and groan piteously. Ah, well! hereafter do as thou wilt; and, since thou art determined to court disaster, gratify thy caprice. Prithee, remember, when thy tardy repentance begins, that I warned thee in all seriousness."

Then did the young woman, by dint of entreaties and threats of suicide, extort from her husband the so ardently desired permission to see her

A decorative arch frame with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns, enclosing the title and text.

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

luctus mulceat, ora conferat. Sic ille
novæ nuptæ precibus veniam tribuit;
et insuper, quibuscumque vellet, eas
auri vel monilium donare concessit.
Sed identidem monuit, ac sæpe terruit,
ne quando sororum pernicioso con-
silio suasa, de forma mariti quærat:
neve se sacrilega curiositate de tanto
fortunarum suggestu pessum dei-
ciat; nec suum postea contingat
amplexum.

Gratias egit marito. Iamque lætior
animo, "Sed prius," inquit, "centies

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

sisters, to allay their grief, and to talk with them. Thus did his young bride's insistence induce his consent ; and, in addition, he authorized her to give them all the gold and jewels she wished. But, at the same time, he enjoined upon her—threatening her again and again with the most terrible penalties—not to follow the evil advice which her sisters might give her, and not to attempt to see her husband's face. He added, that such sacrilegious curiosity would hurl her from the pinnacle of happiness into a bottomless abyss of woe, and would deprive her of his embraces forever.

She thanked her husband ; and, having quite recovered her cheerfulness, said to him :

CUPIDO

ET

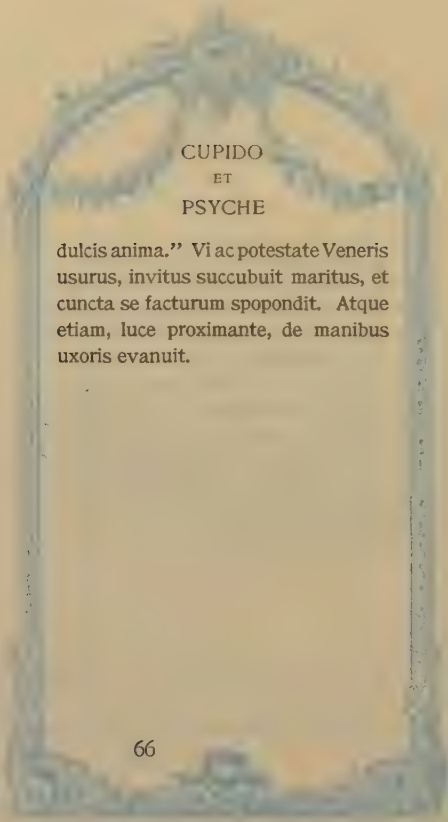
PSYCHE

moriar, quam tuo isto dulcissimo conubio caream. Amo enim, et efflictim te, quicumque es, diligo, atque ut meum spiritum, nec ipsi Cupidini comparo. Sed istud etiam precibus meis oro largire, et illi tuo famulo præcipe Zephyro, simili vectura sorores hic mihi sistat." Et imprimens oscula suasoria, et ingerens verba mulcentia, et iungens membra cohibentia, hæc etiam blanditiis adstruit:
"Mellite mi, mi marite, tuæ Psyches

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

“Ah! I would rather die a hundred times than abandon our union, which is already so sweet to me! for I love thee! Yes, whoever thou art, I love thee dearly; I love thee as I love my life; and it seems to me that even Cupid himself is not to be compared with thee. But, I entreat thee, grant me one favor more; bid Zephyr, who is at thy orders, bring my sisters hither in the same way in which I was brought.”

And, covering him with cajoling kisses, lavishing the fondest caresses upon him, pressing him tight in her arms, she reinforced her endearments by the most passionately loving words: “Sweet love, darling husband, thy Psyche’s own dear heart!”



CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

dulcis anima." Vi ac potestate Veneris
usus, invitus succubuit maritus, et
cuncta se facturum spondit. Atque
etiam, luce proximante, de manibus
uxoris evanuit.

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

He had come thither to exert the power and might of Venus; but he succumbed, albeit with regret, in his capacity of husband, and promised to do all that she asked. With the approach of dawn, he vanished from his wife's arms.



III

At illæ sorores percontatæ scopu-
lum locumque illum, quo fuerat
Psyche deserta, festinantes adve-
niunt: ibique deflebant oculos, et
plangebant ubertim; quoad crebris
earum eiulatibus saxa cautesque
parilem sonum resultarent. Iamque
nomine proprio sororem miseram cie-
bant, quoad sono penetrabili vocis



III

Meanwhile, the two sisters, having learned upon which cliff and at what part thereof Psyche had been left, made all speed thither; and, having arrived at the place, they shed floods of tears and fiercely beat their breasts. They called their unfortunate sister's name again and again, until at last the piercing tones of those plaintive

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

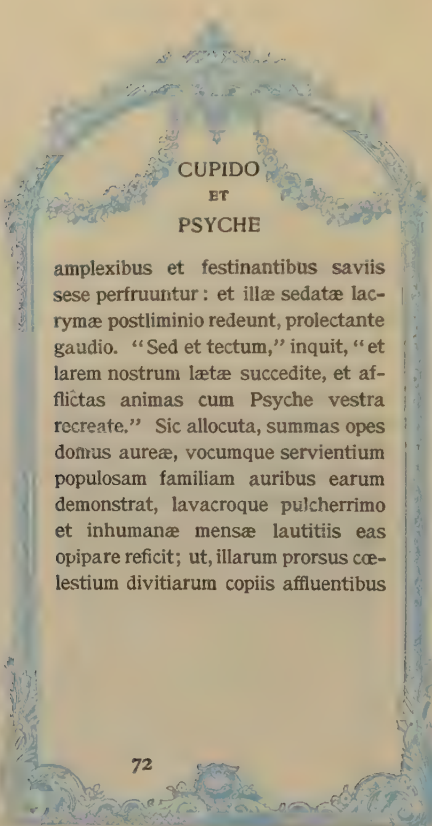
ululabilis per prona delapso, amens
et trepida Psyche procurrit e domo, et,
“Quid,” inquit, “vos miseris lamenta-
tionibus nequidquam affligitis? Quam
lugetis, adsum. Lugubres voces de-
sinite, et diutinis lacrymis madentes
genas siccate tandem: quippe cum
iam possitis, quam plangebatis, am-
plecti.” Tunc vocatum Zephyrum,
præceptis maritalibus admonet. Nec
mora, cum ille parens imperio, sta-
tim clementissimis flatibus, innoxia
vectura deportat illas. Iam mutuis

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

voices floated down into the valley, and Psyche, beside herself, in a frenzy of excitement, rushed from the palace.

“Why do you distress yourselves so with these grief-stricken lamentations? they are uncalled for; here is she for whom you weep. Cease, I pray, your doleful wailing, wipe your eyes which have for so long been drowned in tears. You can embrace your sister, whose supposed death you have mourned.”

Then she summoned Zephyr, and told him of her husband's commands. Instantly obedient to her voice, he raised them, by means of a gentle breeze, and transported them into the valley without injury. They embraced,

A decorative arch frame with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light blue or teal color. It frames the title and the main text block.

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

amplexibus et festinantibus saviis
sese perfruuntur : et illæ sedatæ lac-
rymæ postliminio redeunt, prolectante
gaudio. “Sed et tectum,” inquit, “et
larem nostrum lætæ succedite, et af-
flictas animas cum Psyche vestra
recreate.” Sic allocuta, summas opes
domus aureæ, vocumque servientium
populosam familiam auribus earum
demonstrat, lavacroque pulcherrimo
et inhumanæ mensæ lautitiis eas
opipare reficit; ut, illarum prorsus cœ-
lestium divitiarum copiis affluentibus

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

they covered one another with kisses, in their impatient transports of joy; their tears, which had ceased for a moment, flowed afresh for very excess of pleasure.

“A truce to melancholy!” said Psyche; “enter this house, our home, and recover from your affliction in your Psyche’s company.”

Having thus spoken, she showed them the vast treasures of that golden palace; she let them hear the chorus of voices which was always at her service; then she offered them, to restore their strength, a most sumptuous bath, and the dainty profusion of a repast fit for the immortal gods. So that, even while they enjoyed at their leisure this lavish outpouring of

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

satiatæ, iam præcordiis penitis nutrirent invidiam.

Denique altera earum satis scrupulose curioseque percontari non desinit, quis illarum rerum cœlestium dominus, quisve vel qualis ipsius sit maritus. Nec tamen Psyche coniugale illud præceptum ullo pacto temeratur, vel pectoris arcanis exigit: sed e re nata confingit, esse iuvenem quemdam, et speciosum, et commodum lanoso barbitio genas inumbrantem, plerumque rurestribus et montanis venatibus occupatum. Et, ne qua sermonis procedentis labe

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

celestial treasures, envy was taking root in the depths of their hearts.

One of them finally put to her the most explicit and urgent questions, asking her again and again who was the owner of all those marvellous and divine things; what her husband's name was, and what his quality. But Psyche was careful not to break her wifely promise, and her heart did not betray its secret. She improvised a story: that he was a handsome youth, whose cheeks were just beginning to be shaded with soft down, and who passed most of his time hunting in the plain and among the mountains. Then, fearing that, if the conversation were prolonged, she might carelessly forget the tacit

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

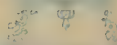
consilium tacitum proderetur; auro
facto gemmosisque monilibus onus-
tas eas, statim vocato Zephyro tradit
reportandas. Quo protinus perpe-
trato, sorores egregiæ domum re-
deuntes, iamque gliscentis invidiæ
felle flagrant, multa secum ser-
monibus mutuis prestrebebant. Sic
denique inquit altera: "En orba et sæva
et iniqua Fortuna! Hoccine tibi com-
placuit, ut utroque parente prognatæ,
diversam sortem sustineremus? Et
nos quidem, quæ natu maiores su-
mus, maritis advenis ancillæ deditæ,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

resolution she had formed, she summoned Zephyr once more; and, having laden her sisters with gold ornaments and necklaces of jewels, she bade him take them back again: which order was executed on the instant.

Our excellent sisters, as they returned home, were fairly on fire with the swift, black poison of envy, and they conversed together with much excitement.

"See how blind Fortune is!" said one of them. "Unjust Goddess, thou hast willed that we, though children of the same father and mother, should have widely different destinies. We two, who are the oldest, have been married off to strangers, whose humble slaves we are.



CUPIDO

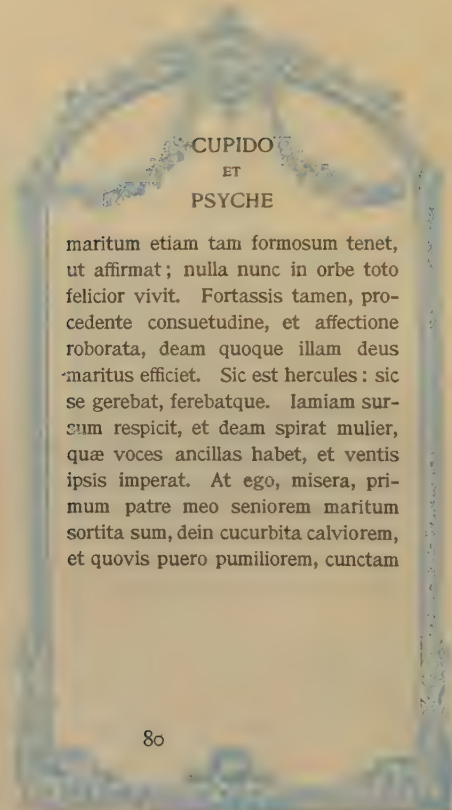
ET

PSYCHE

extorres et lare et ipsa patria degamus,
longe parentum velut exsulantes;
hæc autem novissima, quam foetu
satiante postremus partus effudit,
tantis opibus et deo marito potita sit,
quæ nec uti recte tanta bonorum
copia novit? Vidisti soror, quanta
in domo iacent, et qualia monilia:
quæ prænitent vestes, quæ splen-
dicant gemmæ, quantum præterea
passim calcatur aurum. Quod si

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

Far from the roof beneath which we were born, far from our native land and from our kindred, we are exiled, to all intent. On the other hand, this young sister of ours, the last fruit of a fertile soil which her birth exhausted, has come into possession of this vast wealth! and she has become the spouse of a god, she who does not even know how to make a proper use of such an abundance of worldly goods!—You must have seen, sister, what quantities of valuable objects were scattered about that house! such jewels, such gorgeous dresses, such gleaming precious stones! and, with all the rest, gold in profusion under one's very feet! Why, if, as she declares, she possesses

A decorative arch frame made of stylized leaves and vines, enclosing the title and text.

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

maritum etiam tam formosum tenet,
ut affirmat; nulla nunc in orbe toto
felicior vivit. Fortassis tamen, pro-
cedente consuetudine, et affectione
roborata, deam quoque illam deus
maritus efficit. Sic est hercules: sic
se gerebat, ferebatque. Iamiam sur-
sum respicit, et deam spirat mulier,
quæ voces ancillas habet, et ventis
ipsis imperat. At ego, misera, pri-
mum patre meo seniore[m] maritum
sortita sum, dein cucurbita calviorem,
et quovis puero pumiliorem, cunctam

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

a husband too, as lovely as all that, there is no more fortunate mortal on earth at this moment. It may well be that the god, her husband, his love being intensified by habit, will make of her a goddess. Yes, that is what will happen, beyond a peradventure : she has assumed the airs and bearing of a goddess. Already, her glance tends upward ; and one has a presentiment of the goddess that is to be, in the mortal who has voices at her command, and who rules the very winds. See, on the contrary, how wretched am I ! The husband whom fate has given me is older than my father ; then, too, he is balder than a gourd, and smaller than the smallest dwarf ; and he keeps

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

domum seris et catenis obditam custodientem."

Suscipit alia: "Ego vero maritum articulari etiam morbo complicatum, curvatumque, ac per hoc rarissimo Venerem meam recolentem sustineo, plerumque detortos et duratos in lapidem digitos eius perfricans, fomentis olidis, et pannis sordidis, et fœtidis cataplasmatibus manus tam delicatas istas adurens, nec uxoris officiosam faciem, sed medicæ laboriosam personam sustinens. Et tu quidem soror videris, quam patienti, vel potius servili (dicam enim libere, quod sentio) hæc perferas animo. Enimvero

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

everything in the palace under lock and key."

"And I," rejoined her sister, "have on my hands a husband all bent and twisted by gout, who, for that reason, very rarely does homage to my charms. I pass almost all my time rubbing his gnarled fingers, which are as hard as any stone; I ruin my delicate hands concocting stinking fomentations, handling filthy rags and disgusting plasters. I do not play with him the touching and interesting rôle of wife, but ply the laborious trade of nurse. You, my dear sister, may wait and see how far you can carry your patience, or, rather,—I speak with perfect freedom,—your servility; for my own part, I can

CUPIDO

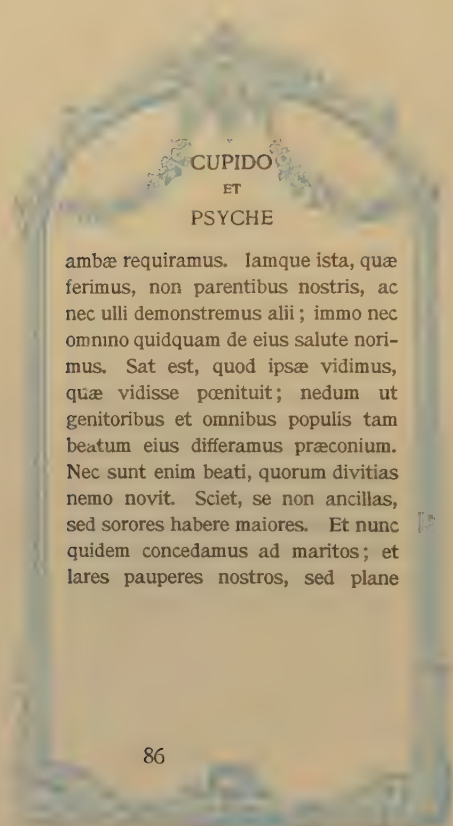
ET

PSYCHE

ego nequeo sustinere ulterius tam
beatam Fortunam collapsam indigne.
Recordare enim, quam superbe, quam
arroganter nobiscum egerit, et ipsa
iactatione immodicæ ostentationis
tumentem suum prodiderit animum:
deque tantis divitiis exigua nobis
inivita proiecerit, confestimque præ-
sentiam nostram gravata, propelli, et
efflari exsibilarique nos iusserit. Nec
sim mulier, nec omnino spirem, nisi
eam pessum de tantis opibus deiecero.
Ac si tibi etiam, ut par est, nacuit
nostra contumelia; consilium validum

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

endure no longer the sight of such unexampled prosperity fallen to hands so unworthy. Pray, remember what an air of pride and arrogance there was in her manner with us. Her very eagerness to make an impertinent display of her riches before us, showed how her heart is puffed up with vanity. And what did she toss to us from her great store? a few paltry trifles, and that with evident regret. Ere long, bored by our presence, she ordered us to be taken from her sight; and it was a mere matter of a breath, a whistle. May I lose my sex, aye, my very life, if I do not hurl her down from this pinnacle of fortune! and if you, as I suppose, feel stung as I do by the affront that has been put upon

A decorative arch frame made of stylized leaves and vines, enclosing the title and text.

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

ambæ requiramus. Iamque ista, quæ ferimus, non parentibus nostris, ac nec ulli demonstramus alii; immo nec omnino quidquam de eius salute norimus. Sat est, quod ipsæ vidimus, quæ vidisse pœnituit; nedum ut genitoribus et omnibus populis tam beatum eius differamus præconium. Nec sunt enim beati, quorum divitias nemo novit. Sciet, se non ancillas, sed sorores habere maiores. Et nunc quidem concedamus ad maritos; et lares pauperes nostros, sed plane

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

us, we will seek together some forcible means of accomplishing our purpose. In the first place, we must not show to our parents, or to any other person, the gifts we have received; secondly, we must declare that we have been utterly unable to find out whether she is still alive. It is quite enough for us to have seen things which humiliate us so, without telling our family and the whole world the splendid tale of her felicity: wealth, you see, is not a blessing when no one knows of it. Ah! dear sister, you shall learn that we are your elder sisters, not your slaves. For the moment, we will return to our husbands, to our poor and unpretentious homes; and when we have

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

sobrios, revisamus: denique cogitationibus pressioribus instructæ, ad superbiam puniendam firmiores redeamus."

Placet pro bono duabus malis malum consilium: totisque illis tam pretiosis muneribus absconditis, comam trahentes, et, proinde ut merebantur, ora lacerantes, simulatos redintegrant fletus. Ac sic parentes quoque, redulcerato prorsus dolore, raptim deserentes, vesania turgidæ, domus suas contendunt, dolum

A decorative arch frame made of stylized leaves and vines, surrounding the title and text.

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

reflected more maturely, and have made our plans, we will repeat our visit, better prepared to chastise such overweening pride."

Any wicked design could not fail to seem good to those two evil-minded creatures. They concealed all the priceless gifts which their sister had given them; and, tearing their hair and their faces,—the pain they caused themselves was well deserved,—they renewed their lamentations, now entirely feigned. And when they had by this means revived the despairing grief of their parents, they left them abruptly, and went to their own homes; there, their rage almost turned their heads, and they conceived an odious plot

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

scelestum, immo vero parricidium,
struentes contra sororem insontem.

Interea Psychen maritus ille, quem
nescit, rursum suis illis nocturnis
sermonibus sic commonet: "Videsne,
quāntum tibi periculum velitatur For-
tuna eminus? Ac, nisi longe firmiter
præcaves, mox cominus congredietur.
Perfidæ lupulæ magnis conatibus
nefarias insidias tibi comparant:
quarum summa est, ut te suadeant
meos explorare voltus, quos, ut tibi
sæpe prædixi, non videbis, si videris.
Ergo igitur, si posthac pessimæ illæ

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

against their sister, aye, a parricidal one.

Meanwhile, Psyche received further injunctions from her husband in their nocturnal interviews :

“Canst thou not see the perils which Fortune is laying up for thee in the future? Take every precaution in good time, or thou wilt soon find thyself engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict. Treacherous harpies are straining every nerve to involve thee in their wicked snares. The thing which they are most intent upon is to induce thee to insist upon seeing my face ; but, as I have often warned thee, if thou dost see it once, thou wilt never see it again. Therefore, if those execrable women should

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

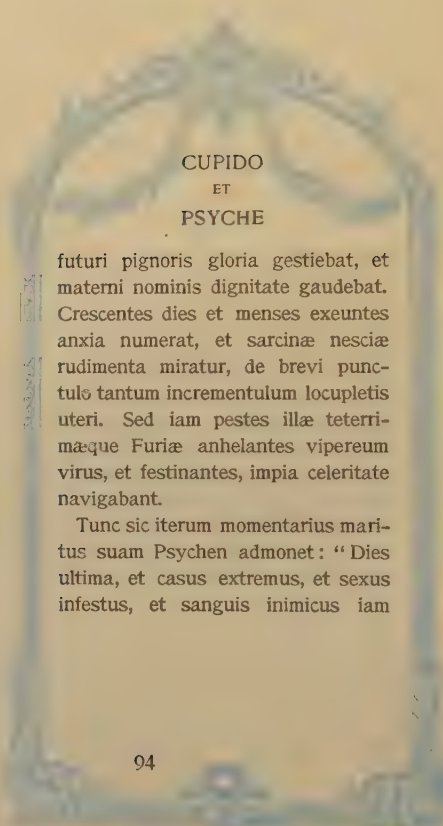
Lamiæ noxiis animis armatæ venerint
(venient autem, scio), neque omnino
sermonem conferas; et, si id tolerare
pro genuina simplicitate, quoque animi
tui teneritudine non potueris, certe de
mârito nil quidquam vel audias, vel
respondeas. Nam et familiam nos-
tram iam propagabimus, et hic adhuc
infantis uterus gestat nobis infan-
tem alium: si texeris nostra secreta
silentio, divinum; si profanaveris,
mortalem."

Nuntio Psyche læta florebat, et di-
vinæ subolis solatio plaudebat, et

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

return hither, armed with the most malevolent designs,—and return they will, I know,—avoid all conversation with them. If thy artless innocence and thy sensitive heart will not allow thee to refuse, at least promise that thou wilt not listen or reply to anything which concerns thy husband. For our family is soon to be increased; and that womb, which is still the womb of a child, contains another child, destined to be a god, if thou keepest our secrets hidden in utter silence,—a mere mortal, if thou betrayest them.”

Psyche's face glowed with joy at this news. She exulted in the comforting hope of bringing a divine being into the world; she quivered

A decorative arch frame with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns, enclosing the title and the first paragraph of text.

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

futuri pignoris gloria gestiebat, et materni nominis dignitate gaudebat. Crescentes dies et menses exeuntes anxia numerat, et sarcinæ nesciæ rudimenta miratur, de brevi punctulo tantum incrementulum locupletis uteri. Sed iam pestes illæ teterri-mæque Furiaë anhelantes vipereum virus, et festinantes, impia celeritate navigabant.

Tunc sic iterum momentarius maritus suam Psychen admonet: "Dies ultima, et casus extremus, et sexus infestus, et sanguis inimicus iam

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

with pride, as she thought of her future nursling and of the glorious name of mother; she anxiously reckoned up the days that must come and go. These sensations were entirely novel to her: she marvelled at the increasing weight of her burden; that her little womb should be so enriched as the result of a slight pressure. But the pestiferous pair, the two detestable Furies, exhaling the poison of vipers, and consumed by impatience, were already hastening toward her with homicidal speed.

This fact furnished the nocturnal spouse with the text for an additional warning.—“This is the last day,” he said; “the decisive moment is at hand. The twofold enmity of kindred

CUPIDO

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PSYCHE

sumpsit arma, et castra commovit,
et aciem direxit, et classicum per-
sonavit. Iam mucrone destricto iu-
gulum tuum nefariæ tuæ sorores
petunt. Heu quantis urgemur cladi-
bûs, Psyche dulcissima! Tui nos-
trique miserere: religiosaque conti-
nentia domum, maritum, teque et
istum parvulum nostrum imminentis
ruinæ infortunio libera. Nec illas
scelestas feminas, quas tibi post in-
ternecinum odium, et calcata san-
guinis fœdera, sorores appellare non

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

and of sex has caused a resort to arms; the army has broken camp and is drawn up in battle array; the bugle has given the signal; and thy guilty sisters, sword in hand, are coming to slay thee. By what dire calamities are we threatened, Psyche, O my sweet Psyche! Be moved to pity for thine own, for our fate; persist pitilessly in thy policy of silence, if thou dost wish to preserve this dwelling, thy husband, thyself, and our innocent first-born, from the direful disaster which is near bursting upon us. These wicked women, in whose hearts hatred has inspired murderous projects against thee, trample the ties of blood under foot; no more canst thou call them thy

CUPIDO

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PSYCHE

licet, vel videas, vel audias; cum in
morem Sirenum scopulo prominentes,
funestis vocibus saxa personabunt."

Suscipit Psyche, singultu lacrymoso
sermonem incertans: "Iamdudum,
quod sciam, fidei atque pariloquii
mei perpendisti documenta: nec eo
secius approbabitur tibi nunc etiam
firmitas animi mei. Tu modo Zephyro
nostro rursum præcipe, fungatur ob-
sequio, et in vicem denegatæ sacro-
sanctæ imaginis tuæ, redde saltem
conspectum sororum, per istos cinna-
meos et undique pendulos crines tuos,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

sisters. Refrain, therefore, from seeing them, from listening to them, when, from the summit of yonder cliff, they wake the echoes of the mountains, like Sirens, with their ill-boding voices."

Psyche replied, in a voice broken by tears and sobs: "Long, long ago, meseems, thou hadst proof of my loyalty and my discretion; once more, on this present occasion, will I prove to thee that I am capable of a firm resolution. But, I pray thee, bid Zephyr to perform once more his useful service; and, to compensate me for being foridden to look upon thy divine features, grant me at least the presence of my sisters. I implore thee, by the waving, perfumed curls of thy hair, by thy soft, delicate

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

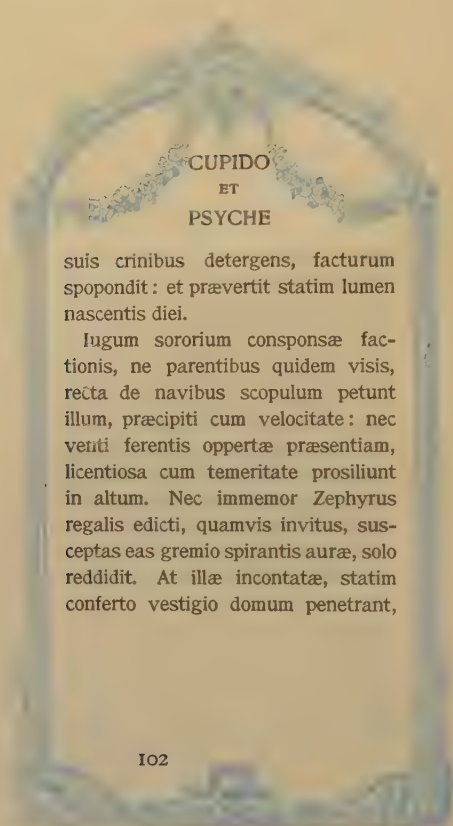
per teneras et teretes et meis similes
genas, per pectus, nescio quo calore,
fervidum. Sic in hoc saltem parvulo
cognoscam faciem tuam, supplicis
anxiæ piis precibus erogatus germani
complexus indulge fructum, et tibi de-
votæ caræque Psyches animam gau-
dio recrea. Nec quidquam amplius in
tuo vultu requiro. Iam nil offiunt
mihi nec ipsæ nocturnæ tenebræ.
Teneo te meum lumen."

His verbis et amplexibus mollibus
decantatus maritus, lacrymasque eius

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

cheeks, so like my own, by thy breast which burns with an ineffable warmth! As passionately as I long to see thy features in the tiny creature whom I bear in my womb, I implore thee to yield to my fervent prayers and humble entreaties. Grant me the joy of embracing my sisters, and by that joy bestow new life upon the heart of thy Psyche, who lives for thee alone, and who is dear to thee. No, I will not again crave a sight of thy face; I will no longer be angry with the shades of night: for I possess thee, thee, the torch of my existence."

Seduced by these loving words, and by endearments yet more loving, the husband wiped away with his own



CUPIDO

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PSYCHE

suis crinibus detergens, facturum
spopondit : et prævertit statim lumen
nascentis diei.

Iugum sororium consponsæ fac-
tionis, ne parentibus quidem visis,
recta de navibus scopulum petunt
illum, præcipiti cum velocitate : nec
venti ferentis oppertæ præsentiam,
licentiosa cum temeritate prosiliunt
in altum. Nec immemor Zephyrus
regalis edicti, quamvis invitus, sus-
ceptas eas gremio spirantis auræ, solo
reddidit. At illæ incontatæ, statim
conferto vestigio domum penetrant,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

curls the tears she shed, and promised to grant her request. A moment later, he had disappeared before the approaching dawn.

No sooner had they disembarked, than the two plotting sisters journeyed straightway to the cliff, without even paying a visit to their parents. They climbed to the summit with the utmost haste, and, not waiting for the wind to transport them, jumped into space, with reckless temerity. But Zephyr, mindful of the king's orders, received them, albeit with regret, in the lap of a current of air, and set them softly down upon the ground. They hastened at full speed to the palace; they embraced their poor victim, calling

CUPIDO

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PSYCHE

complexæque suam prædam, sorores
nomine mentientes, thesaurumque
penitus abditæ fraudis voltu læto
tegentes, sic adulant: "Psyche, non
ita ut pridem parvula, et ipsa iam
mater es. Quantum putas boni no-
bis geris in ista perula? Quantis
gaudiis totam domum nostram hila-
rabis? O nos beatas, quas infantis
aurei nutrimenta lætabunt! Quid, si
parentum, ut oportet, pulchritudini re-
sponderit, prorsus Cupido nascetur."

Sic affectione simulata, paulatim
sororis invadunt animum. Statimque

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

themselves—the liars!—her devoted sisters; and while, for all their loving countenances, a mass of hatred seethed unseen in their hearts, they spake soft words to her.

“Well, Psyche, thou’rt no longer a slip of a girl as thou once wert; why, thou’rt soon to be a mother. Dost thou fully realize what a treasure thou hast in store for us in that sweet little womb of thine? What a joy to our whole family! How delighted we are! How happy we shall be to caress the darling jewel! If his beauty corresponds, as it surely will, to his father’s and mother’s, he will be a very Cupid.”

Thus, by feigned affection, they gradually possessed themselves of

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

eas lassitudine viæ sedilibus refo-
tas, et balnearum vaporosis fontibus
curatas, pulcherrimo triclinio, miris-
que illis et beatis edulibus atque
tucetis oblectat. Iubet citharam lo-
qui; psallitur: tibus agere, sonatur:
choros canere, cantatur. Quæ nullo
præsente cuncta dulcissimis modulis
animos audientium remulcebant. Nec
tamen scelestarum feminarum nequi-
tia vel ipsa mellita cantus dulcedine

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

their sister's mind. She gave them chairs forthwith, to rest from the fatigues of the journey ; then, zealously attentive to their needs, bade hot baths to be prepared for them ; and finally ushered them into a superb dining-hall, where they found the rarest, most marvellous, and daintiest dishes. She bade a lyre to play : they heard the notes of a lyre ; a flute : a flute piped up ; she called for a chorus : a concerted piece was the reply ; and all this music, performed in their presence by invisible musicians, caressed with sweetest melody the senses of those who heard it. But so wicked and perverse were those two creatures, that the very melody, sweeter than honey though it was, did not

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

mollita conquievit : sed ad destinatam
fraudium pedicam sermones conse-
rentes, dissimulanter occipiunt scis-
citari, qualis ei maritus, et unde
natalium sectacula proveniret. Tunc
illa simplicitate nimia pristini ser-
monis oblita, novum commentum in-
struit; aitque maritum suum de
provincia proxima, magnis pecuniis
negotiantem, iam medium cursum
ætatis agere, interspersum rara cani-
tie. Nec in sermone isto tantillum
morata, rursum opiparis muneribus
eas onustas, ventoso vehiculo red-
didit.

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

avail to soften or to pacify them. Always bent upon entangling their sister in their nets, they guided the conversation toward that end. As if without design, they began to ask her who her husband was, of what family, and of what rank in life. Then did Psyche, forgetting, in the simplicity of her heart, the story she had invented before, invent a new one: she said that her husband was from a neighboring province; that he had large sums invested in commerce; that he was of mature years and was slightly gray. Then, dwelling no further upon that subject, she loaded them again with magnificent gifts, and entrusted them to their aerial carriage.

CUPIDO

ET

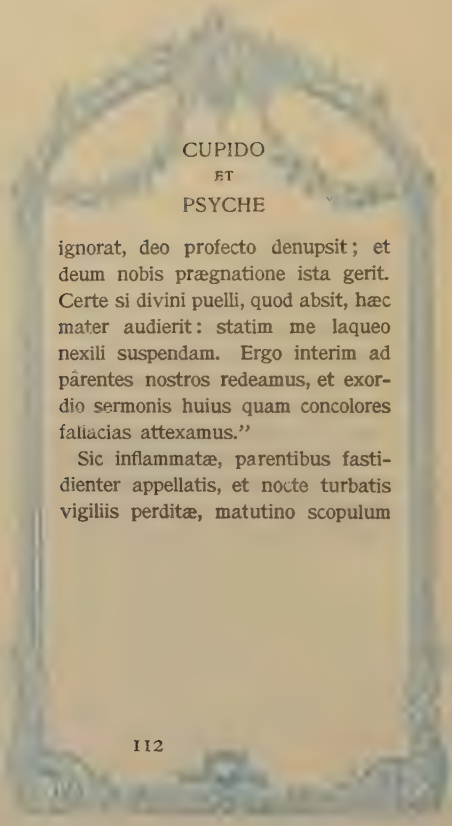
PSYCHE

Sed dum Zephyri tranquillo spiritu
sublimatæ domum redeunt, sic secum
altercantur: "Quid soror dicimus de
tam monstruoso fatuæ illius menda-
cio? Tunc adulescens, modo florenti
lanugine barbam instruens, nunc
ætate media, candenti canitie lucidus.
Quis ille, quem temporis modici spa-
tium repentina senecta reformavit?
Nil aliud reperiēs, mi soror, quam vel
mendacium istam pessimam feminam
configere, vel formam mariti sui
nescire. Quorum utrum verum est,
opibus istis quam primum extermi-
nanda est. Quod si viri sui faciem

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

But as they were wafted through the air by the even breath of Zephyr, they exchanged their thoughts thus :

“What are we to think, sister, of the impertinent creature’s horrible falsehood? Yesterday, it was a strippling, who had no beard save a recent growth of down; now, it is a man of middle age, whose hair is silvery white. What sort of mortal must he be to have undergone this sudden metamorphosis from youth to old age in so brief a space? Sister, there is no other explanation than this: either the false hussy has lied to us, or she does not know her husband’s face. Whichever of these conjectures is true, we must deprive her of her wealth as soon as possible. If she



CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

ignorat, deo profecto denupsit; et deum nobis prægatione ista gerit. Certe si divini puelli, quod absit, hæc mater audierit: statim me laqueo nexili suspendam. Ergo interim ad pârentes nostros redeamus, et exordio sermonis huius quam concolores faliacias attexamus."

Sic inflammatae, parentibus fastidienter appellatis, et nocte turbatis vigiliis perdita, matutino scopulum

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

does not know her husband, it is certain that she has married a god, and, in that case, her pregnancy means the birth of a god. Now, as surely as she is proclaimed the mother of a divine child—which heaven forbid!—I shall instantly tie a rope about my neck and hang myself.—However, let us return to our father and mother, and, for the beginning of our next conversation with Psyche, let us devise some falsehood which shall have the appearance of truth.”

Thus inflamed by hate, the sisters hardly deigned to say a word to their parents. They were so agitated that they did not close their eyes the live-long night; they were like two lost souls. In the morning, they flew to

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

pervolant: et inde soliti venti præsidio vehementer devolant, lacrymisque pressura palpebrarum coactis, hoc astu puellam appellant.

“Tu quidem felix, et ipsa tanti mali ignorantia beata, sedes incuriosa periculi tui: nos autem, quæ pervigili cura rebus tuis excubamus, cladibus tuis misere cruciamur. Pro vero namque comperimus, nec te, sociæ scilicet doloris casusque tui, celare possumus, immanem colubrum,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

the cliff, and went down straightway into the valley, thanks to the customary assistance of Zephyr; and, squeezing their eyelids together to force out a tear, they began their interview with Psyche by this crafty address:

"Thou livest in contentment, and, happy in thy ignorance of so great a horror, are nowise disturbed by the peril which threatens thee. But we, who with untiring vigilance give all our thought to thy interests, are sorely distressed by thy danger. In truth, we have learned, beyond the possibility of doubt, a secret which we cannot conceal from thee, because we are too keenly alive to thy misfortunes and thy grief. Imagine a

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

multinodis voluminibus serpentem, veneno noxio colla sanguinantem, hiantemque ingluvie profunda, tecum noctibus latenter acquiescere. Nunc recordare sortis Pythicæ, quæ te trucidis bestię nuptiis destinatam esse clamavit. Et multi coloni, quique circumsecus venantur, et accolæ plurimi viderunt eum vespera redeuntem e pastu, proximique fluminis vadis innatantem. Nec diu blandis alimoniarum obsequiis te saginaturum omnes affirmant: sed, cum primum prægnationem istam plenus maturaverit



CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

huge serpent with innumerable heavy folds, whose neck is bloated with blood which is a deadly poison, and his yawning maw frightfully deep: such is the husband who lies stealthily by thy side at night. Pray, remember the Pythian oracle which declared that thou wert destined to marry a hideous monster. Many persons who have hunted hereabout, and almost all the people of the neighborhood, have seen him returning at night, after he has fed all day, and swimming in the nearest stream. If we may believe what everybody says, he will not leave thee for long in the enjoyment of so many sweet delights; as soon as thou hast reached the end of thy time, and the morsel is very

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

uterus, opimiore fructu præditam devoraturum. At hic iam tua est existimatio, utrum sororibus pro tua cara salute sollicitis assentiri velis, et declinata morte nobiscum secura periculi vivere, an sævissimæ bestię sepeliri visceribus. Quod si te ruris huius vocalis solitudo, vel clandestinæ Veneris fœtidi periculosique concubitus, et venenati serpentis amplexus delectant; certe piæ sorores nostrum fecerimus."

Tunc Psyche misella, utpote simplex, et animi tenella, rapitur verborum tam tristium formidine: et,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

delicate, he will devour.—Now, thou art warned, and it is for thee to reflect and to decide whether thou wilt listen to thy sisters, who tremble for thy precious life, and wilt fly from death and live with us free from all danger, or whether thou dost prefer to be buried within the entrails of a pitiless monster. If thou takest pleasure in the isolation of this spot, with no other company than voices, amid the charms of a clandestine love, perilous and deadly nights, and the embraces of a venomous reptile, we, at all events, shall have done our duty as faithful and loving sisters.”

The poor child, trustful and easily moved, was overwhelmed by this ghastly, terrifying revelation. She

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

extra terminum mentis suæ posita,
prorsus omnium mariti monitionum,
suarumque promissionum memoriam
effudit, et in profundum calamitatis
sese præcipitavit: tremensque, et ex-
sanguis colore lurida, tertiata verba
semihianti voce substrepens, sic ad
illas ait: "Vos quidem, carissimæ
sorores, ut par erat, in officio vestræ
pietatis permanetis: verum et illi qui
talía vobis affirmant, non videntur
mihi mendacium fingere. Nec enim
unquam viri mei vidi faciem, vel
omnino cuiatis sit novi; sed tan-
tum nocturnis subaudiens vocibus,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

was so distracted and beside herself, that she forgot all her husband's injunctions, and the promises she had made him, and rushed headlông into a bottomless abyss of misfortune. Trembling, with pale face and bloodless lips, she muttered broken phrases in a dying voice, saying to them :

"Yes, you are most affectionate sisters, and you are loyal to the duties which your affection imposes upon you. Alas ! it does not seem to me that they who told you these horrible things can have invented a falsehood. For I have never seen my husband's face ; I have no idea from what country he comes. I have heard him speak only at night, and

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

maritum incerti status, et prorsus lucifugam tolero, bestiamque aliquam recte dicentibus vobis merito consentio. Meque magnopere semper a suis terret aspectibus, malumque grande de vultus curiositate præminatur. Nunc, si quam salutarem opem periclitanti sorori vestræ potestis afferre, iam nunc subsistite. Ceterum incuria sequens prioris providentiæ beneficia corrumpit.”

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

always in low tones. He conceals his rank from me, and never fails to leave me at daybreak.—These things, my sisters, are what I am forced to endure; and when you say that he is a monster, you are right. I think as you do. He is strangely intent upon making me always dread to see his face, and threatens me with the most terrible calamities if I should ever seek to look upon it. Now, if you have it in your power to assist your poor sister, and to save her from such a dangerous plight, this is the moment to come to my help; for to substitute indifference for the forethought you have shown hitherto will destroy all the benefit of that forethought.”

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

Tunc nactæ, iam portis patentibus,
nudatum sororis animum facinorosæ
mulieres, omissis tectæ machinæ la-
tibulis, destrictis gladiis fraudium,
simplicis puellæ paventes cogitationes
invadunt. Sic denique altera: ' Quo-
niam nos originis nexus pro tua
incolumitate periculum quidem nul-
lum ante oculos habere compellit:
viam, quæ sola deducit iter ad salu-
tem, diu diuque cogitatam monstra-
bimus tibi. Novaculam præacutam,
appulsu etiam palmulæ lenientis

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

Having found their way so easily into the citadel, and seeing their sister's heart laid bare before them, those wicked women abandoned the plan of bringing into play the secret machinations which they had devised in the darkness; and it was by openly placing the sword in her hand, to consummate their shocking crime, that they took full possession of her simple and terrified mind.

"The ties of blood," said one of them, "compel us to disregard all danger when thy happiness is at stake. We know but one means of safety for thee; we have reflected a long time, a very long time, and it is this: take a keen-edged dagger, whet it to a keener edge by passing it

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

exasperatam, tori qua parte accubare
consuesti, latenter absconde : lucer-
namque concinne completam oleo,
claro lumine præmicantem, subde
aliquo claudentis aululæ tegmine.
Omniq[ue] isto apparatu tenacissime
dissimulato, postquam sulcatos intra-
hens gressus, cubile solitum conscen-
derit, iamq[ue] porrectus, et exordio
somni prementis implicitus, altum
soporem flare cœperit : toro delapsa,
nudoq[ue] vestigio pensilem gradum
paululatim minuens, cæcæ tenebræ
custodia liberata lucerna, præclari tui
facinoris opportunitatem de luminis

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

gently over the palm of thy hand, and conceal it in thy bed, on the side where thou dost usually lie. Obtain a lamp; fill it full of oil, so that it will burn brightly, and place it somewhere behind the bed-curtains. Surround all these preparations with the utmost mystery. Then, when he has entered the room, dragging his coils along the floor; when he has got into bed, as usual; when he has stretched himself out; and when, buried in the sweet first sleep, his breath assures thee that he is sleeping soundly, slip out of bed; go barefooted, softly, on tiptoe, take the lamp from the corner where thou hast hidden it, and make use of its light to seize the auspicious moment to carry out thy

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

consilio mutare : et ancipiti telo illo,
audaciter prius dextera sursum elata,
nisu quam valido noxii serpentis
nodum cervicis et capitis abscede.
Nec nostrum tibi deerit subsidium :
sed cum primum illius morte salu-
tem tibi feceris, anxiae præstolabimur :
cunctisque istis ocius tecum relatis,
votivis nuptiis hominem te iunge-
mus homini." Tali verborum incendio
flammata viscera sororis iam prorsus
ardentis deserentes ipsæ protinus,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

gallant enterprise. Then, grasping the two-edged weapon, boldly raise thy arm and deal that terrible reptile a mighty blow, in such wise as to sever his head from his body. Nor shall our presence fail thee; as soon as thou hast assured thy safety by his death, we will be instantly at thy side, and will speedily carry thee off and all these treasures with thee; then will we unite thee, a human being, to a husband of thy own species, according to thy desires."

These distracting words having filled with confusion and wrath the heart of the too artless Psyche, who was already in a frenzy of excitement, they immediately left her, afraid to

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

tanti mali confinium sibi etiam eximie metuentes, flatus alitis impulsu solito porrectæ super scopulum, illico pernici se fuga proripiunt: statimque conscensis navibus abeunt.

At Psyche relictæ sola, nisi quod infestis Furiis agitata, sola non est, æstu pelagi simile mœrendo fluctuat: et, quamvis statuto consilio, et obstinato animo, iam tum facinori suas manus admovens; adhuc incerta consilii titubat, multisque calamitatis suæ distrahitur affectibus. Festinat,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

remain near the scene of so bloody a tragedy. The same breeze which had always brought them thither bore them to the summit of the cliff; and, hurrying away with the rapidity of the lightning, they embarked and disappeared.

But Psyche, whom they had left alone, was not alone, nevertheless; the pitiless Furies beset her, desperate thoughts surged through her mind, like the waves of the sea. Although her plan was formed, and she persisted in carrying it out; although her hands were occupied in preparing for the crime, she hesitated still. Her resolution was shaken, a thousand conflicting feelings strove for mastery in her heart: she was

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

differt; audet, trepidat; diffidit, irascitur; et, quod est ultimum, in eodem corpore odit serpentem bestiam, diligit maritum. Vespera tamen iam noctem trahente, præcipiti festinatione nefarii sceleris instruit apparatus.

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

impatient, yet hesitated; she was bold, yet afraid; she was angry, yet despairing; in a word, she beheld, in the same creature, a frightful, detestable reptile and an adorable spouse. But as evening approached, and with it the darkness, she hurriedly made everything ready for her shocking crime.



IV

Nox aderat, et maritus aderat, primisque Veneris prœliis velitatus altum soporem descenderat. Tunc Psyche, et corporis et animi alioquin infirma, Fati tamen sævitia subministrante, viribus roboratur: et, prolata lucerna, et arrepta novacula, sexum



IV

Night had come, and with it her husband; and, after one triumph in amorous combat, he had fallen into a deep sleep. Then was Psyche, albeit she felt that both her courage and her strength were rapidly deserting her, enheartened by pitiless fate: she summoned all her resolution, fetched the lamp, and grasped the dagger; her

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

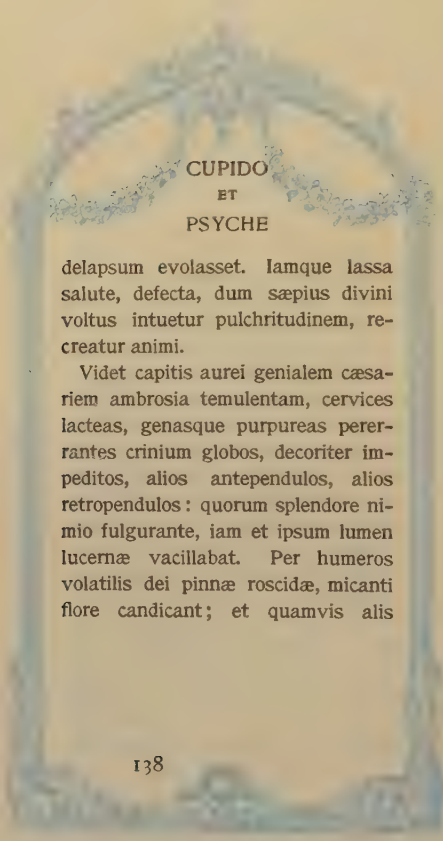
audacia mutavit. Sed cum primum
luminis oblatione tori secreta clarue-
runt; videt omnium ferarum mitissi-
mam dulcissimamque bestiam, ipsum
illum Cupidinem formosum deum
formose cubantem: cuius aspectu lu-
cernæ quoque lumen hilaratum incre-
bruit, et acuminis sacrilegi novacula
prænitebat.

At vero Psyche tanto aspectu de-
territa, et impositi animi, marcido pal-
lore defecta, tremensque desedit in
imos poplites; et ferrum quærit ab-
scondere, sed in suo pectore. Quod
profecto fecisset, nisi ferrum, timore
tanti flagitii, manibus temerariis

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

temerity had changed her sex. The light which she had brought illumined her couch. And lo ! she saw before her the sweetest and loveliest of all monsters, Cupid himself, the wondrously beautiful god, lying asleep in the most seductive pose. At that sight, the very lamp flickered joyously, and the sacrilegious blade seemed more glittering.

As for Psyche, such a spectacle overwhelmed her ; beside herself with excitement, her face convulsed, pale, tainting, and trembling in every limb, she sank upon her knees. She sought to hide the weapon, but to hide it by plunging it into her breast ; and that she would surely have done, had not the blade, in dread of so terrible a crime, slipped from her rash hands and



CUPIDO

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PSYCHE

delapsum evolasset. Iamque lassa salute, defecta, dum sæpius divini voltus intuetur pulchritudinem, recreatur animi.

Videt capitis aurei genialem cæsariem ambrosia temulentam, cervices lacteas, genasque purpureas pererantes crinium globos, decoriter impeditos, alios antependulos, alios retropendulos: quorum splendore nimio fulgurante, iam et ipsum lumen lucernæ vacillabat. Per humeros volatilis dei pinnæ roscidæ, micanti flore candicant; et quamvis alis

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

escaped her! Meanwhile, despite her confusion and her despair, her wits speedily revived when she had looked again and again upon that divinely sweet face.

She gazed in rapt admiration at those radiant features, those noble locks perfumed with ambrosia, that milk-white neck, those dazzlingly ruddy cheeks, over which fell graceful curls, while others clustered about the brow and others about the crown. Their sheen was so brilliant that it made the very rays of the lamp waver. On the god's shoulders gleamed tiny wings, of exquisite delicacy of form, wherein the blushing hue of the rose was blended with the whiteness of the lily. Although they were at rest,

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

quiescentibus, extimæ plumulæ tenellæ, ac delicatæ tremule resultantes, inquieta lasciviunt. Ceterum corpus glabellum, atque luculentum, et quale peperisse Venerem non pœniteret.

Ante lectuli pedes iacebat arcus, et pharetra, et sagittæ, magni dei propitia tela. Quæ dum insatiabili animo Psyche satis curiosa rimatur atque pertractat, et mariti sui miratur arma: depromit unam de pharetra sagittam, et puncto pollicis extremam aciempericlitabunda, trementis etiamnunc articuli nisu fortiore pupugit altius; ut per summam cutem rorerint parvulæ sanguinis rosei guttæ.

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

the soft, smooth down which fringed them quivered ceaselessly with a low, rustling sound. The rest of his body was as smooth and glistening as ivory; in fine, he was so made that Venus had no cause to blush for her son.

At the foot of the bed lay a bow, quiver, and arrows—the puissant god's obedient shafts. Psyche could not feast her eyes enough upon them. In her curiosity, she handled, examined, and admired her husband's weapons; she drew an arrow from the quiver, and tried its point upon her finger-tip. As she held it, her fingers shook; she grasped it too tightly, and pricked herself so deeply that a drop or two of rosy blood reddened her

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

Sic ignara Psyche, sponte in Amoris
incidit amorem. Tunc magis ma-
gisque cupidine flagrans Cupidinis,
prona in eum efflictim inhians, patu-
lis ac petulantibus saviis festinanter
ingestis, de somni mensura metuebat.

Sed, dum bono tanto percita, saucia
mente fluctuat, lucerna illa, sive per-
fidia pessima, sive invidia noxia, sive
quod tale corpus contingere, et quasi
basiare et ipsa gestiebat, evomuit de
summa luminis sui stillam ferventis

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

skin. Thus, unwittingly, did Psyche fall in love with Love, and conceived a passion of ever-increasing fervor for him to whom such passions owe their birth. She leaned over him with eager eyes, her lips parted with delight; she passionately lavished upon him the tenderest and warmest kisses, fearing all the while lest she should waken him too soon.

But while she yielded to the intoxication of her bliss, and, stricken to the heart, could form no definite plan, of a sudden, the lamp—was this black treachery? was it sinful jealousy? or was it that it longed to touch so fair a body, and, in some sort, to kiss it in its turn?—of a sudden, the lamp let fall a drop of boiling oil from its

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

olei super humerum dei dextrum.
Hem audax et temeraria lucerna, et
amoris vile ministerium ! ipsum ignis
totius deum aduris : cum te scilicet
amator aliquis, ut diutius cupitis
etiam nocte potiretur, primus in-
venit.

Sic inustus exsiluit deus, visaque
detectæ fidei colluvie, prorsus ex
oculis et manibus infelicissimæ con-
iugis tacitus avolavit. At Psyche
statim resurgentis eius crure dextro
manibus ambabus arrepto, sublimis
evectionis appendix miseranda, et
per nubilas plagas penduli comitatus

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

bright flame upon the god's right shoulder. Rash and insolent lamp! ah! thou wert most unworthy to lend thy aid to love. Thou didst burn the very god who kindles every flame—thou whom a lover first invented, in order that his eyes might longer—aye, in the darkness itself—feast upon the charms he adored!

At that burning touch, the god instantly awoke; and, seeing that his secret had been shamelessly betrayed, he flew away, far from the touch and sight of his unhappy spouse, without a word. But Psyche, as he rose, seized his right leg with her two hands. The wretched creature clung to him in his flight through space; even amid the clouds through which

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PSYCHE

extrema consequia, tandem fessa delabatur solo. Nec deus amator humi iacentem deserens, involavit proximam cupressum, deque eius alto cacumine sic eam graviter commotus affatur :

“Ego quidem, simplicissima Psyche, parentis meæ Veneris præceptorum immemor, quæ te miseri extremique hominis devinctam cupidine, infimo matrimonio addici iusserat, ipse potius amator advolavi tibi. Sed hæc feci leviter, scio : et præclarus ille sagittarius, ipse me telo meo percussi,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

he winged his way, she bore him company; but, wearied at last, she fell softly to the earth. The god who loved her did not abandon her as she lay helpless there, but perched upon a cypress-tree near by, and, from its topmost branch, spake to her thus with deep emotion:

“Too credulous Psyche, I had forgotten my mother’s commands; instead of inspiring thee, as she bade me, with love for a man without means and of the lowest rank, instead of binding thee in the chains of an unworthy marriage, I chose to fly to thee as a lover. Therein I acted thoughtlessly, I know; and the god whose arrows are so loudly extolled wounded himself with one of his own

CUPIDO

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PSYCHE

teque coniugem meam feci, ut bestia
scilicet tibi viderer, et ferro caput
excideres meum, quod istos ama-
tores tuos oculos gerit? Hæc tibi
identidem semper cavenda cense-
bam, hæc benivole remonebam. Sed
illæ quidem consiliatrices egregiæ
tuæ, tam perniciosi magisterii dabunt
actutum mihi pœnas: te vero tantum
fuga mea punivëro." Et cum termino
sermonis, pinnis in altum se prori-
puit.

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

shafts: I made thee my wife. Did I thus that thou shouldst look upon me as a monster? that thy hand should sever a head wherein are eyes which adore thee? How often have I appealed to thy prudence! what kindly counsels I have lavished upon thee! Thine excellent advisers will speedily expiate the wicked lessons they have given thee. For thyself, thou shalt not be punished otherwise than by my flight."

Having thus spoken, he flew away and vanished.



V

Psyche vero humi prostrata, et quantum visu poterat, volatus mariti prospiciens, extremis affligebat lamentationibus animum. Sed ubi remigio plumæ raptum maritum proceritas spatii fecerat alienum, per proximi fluminis marginem præcipitem sese dedit. Sed mitis fluvius, in honorem



V

Psyche, lying prone upon the ground, followed her husband's course as far as her eyes could see him, and gave vent to the grief of her heart in lamentable accents. When, in his swift flight, he had disappeared from her sight, she ran and plunged into a stream which flowed near by. But the kindly stream, doubtless to

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

dei scilicet, qui et ipsas aquas urere consuevit, metuens sibi, confestim eam innoxio volumine super ripam florentem herbis exposuit.

Tunc forte Pan deus rusticus iuxta supercilium amnis sedebat, complexus hic humo Cannam deam, eamque vocolas omnimodas edocens recinere. Proxime ripam vago pastu lasciviunt comam fluvii tondentes capellæ. Hirtuosus deus sauciam Psychen, atque defectam, utcumque casus eius non inscius, clementer ad se vocatam, sic

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

do honor to the god whose wont it is to inflame the very waters, and moved thereto by fear as well, bore her upon its waves without injury, and laid her on the flower-strewn turf of its bank.

It chanced that, at that moment, Pan, the rustic god, was sitting on a hillock close by the river. He had taken from the earth some of those reeds which once were the goddess Canna; and, having bound them together, was teaching them to reproduce sounds of all sorts. Near the bank, goats were gambolling about or browsing upon the grass. The god with the feet of a deer spied Psyche in her misery. He knew of her adventure, and, calling her

CUPIDO

ET

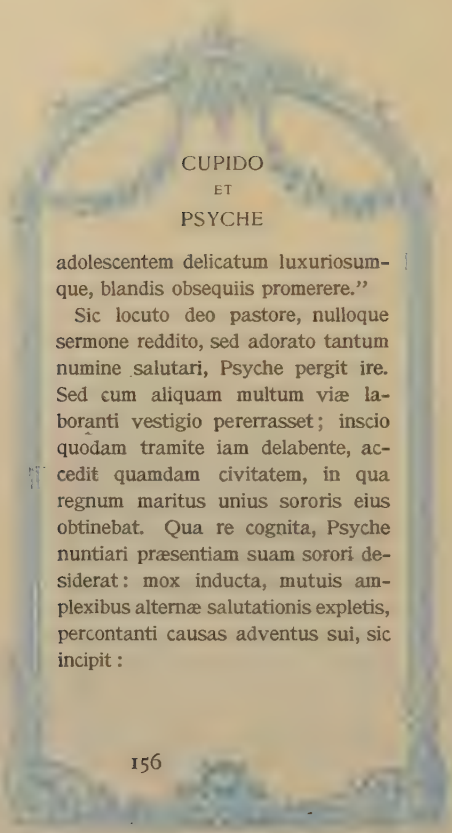
PSYCHE

permulcet verbis lenientibus: "Puella scitula, sum quidem rusticanus et opilio, sed senectutis prolixæ beneficio, multis experimentis instructus. Verum, si recte coniecto, quod profecto prudentes viri divinationem autumant, ab isto titubante et sæpius vacillante vestigio, deque nimio pallore corporis, et assiduo suspiritu, immo et ipsis mærentibus oculis tuis, amore nimio laboras. Ergo mihi ausculta, nec te rursus præcipitio vel ullo mortis arcesso genere perimas. Luctum desine, et pone mærorem: precibusque potius Cupidinem deorum maximum percole: et, utpote

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PSYCHE

softly to his side, he comforted her thus :

“My lovely child, I am a mere rustic, a goatherd; but, thanks to my great age, I have acquired a goodly store of experience. Now, if I do not err in my conjectures,—and this is what wise men call the science of divination,—this uncertain and often tottering gait, this excessive pallor, these constant sighs, and these tear-stained eyes—all prove to me that thou art suffering from some great affliction in love. Hearken: do not persist in jumping overboard, or in seeking death. Dry thy tears, calm thy grief; and rather offer the homage of thy prayers to Cupid, the greatest of gods. As he is young,



CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

adoleſcentem delicatum luxurioſum-
que, blandis obſequiis promerere.”

Sic locuto deo paſtore, nulloque
ſermone reddito, ſed adorato tantum
numine ſalutari, Psyche pergit ire.
Sed cum aliquam multum viæ la-
boranti veſtigio pererraret; inſcio
quodam tramite iam delabente, ac-
cedit quamdam civitatem, in qua
regnum maritus unius ſororis eius
obtinebat. Qua re cognita, Psyche
nuntiarî præſentiam ſuam ſorori de-
ſiderat: mox inducta, mutuis am-
plexibus alternæ ſalutationis expletis,
percontanti cauſas advenſus ſui, ſic
incipit :

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

amorous, and easily moved, thy loving submission to him will cause him to look with favor upon thy suit."

Thus spake the god of shepherds. Psyche made no reply, but adored him as a divine protector, and went her way. After wandering about some time, and being sore fatigued, as she followed an unfamiliar path, she saw a city close at hand, where the husband of one of her sisters reigned. Psyche, having made sure that it was so, caused her presence to be made known to that sister. She was speedily led before her; and when caresses and congratulations had been exchanged, she was asked the motive of her visit. She began thus :

CUPIDO
ET
PSYCHE

“Meministi consilium vestrum scilicet, quo mihi suasistis, ut bestiam, quæ mariti mentito nomine mecum quiescebat, priusquam ingluvie voraci me misellam hauriret, ancipiti novacula perimerem. Sed cum primum, ut æque placuerat, conscio lumine voltus eius adspexi; video mirum divinumque prorsus spectaculum: ipsum illum deæ Veneris filium, ipsum, inquam, Cupidinem leni quiete sopitum. Ac dum tanti boni spectaculo percita, et nimia voluptatis copia turbata, fruendi laborarem inopia;

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

“You remember the counsel which you two gave me: you told me that a monster, masquerading as my husband, passed his nights with me; and you urged me to slay him with a two-edged dagger before he should devour poor Psyche and gulp her down into his greedy entrails. Like you, I myself approved that plan; but when I held to his face the lamp which gave me its light, I beheld a marvellous and supernatural sight: it was the son, yes, the son, of the goddess Venus; it was Cupid himself, I say, sunk in profound slumber. Carried beyond myself by the ravishing charm of such a vision, and confused by the cravings of a violent passion, I could not control my tumultuous desires.

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

casu scilicet pessimo, lucerna fervens
oleum rebullivit in eius humerum.
Quo dolore statim somno recussus,
ubi me ferro et igni conspexit arma-
tam: 'Tu quidem,' inquit, 'ob istud
tam dirum facinus, confestim toro meo
divorte, tibiue res tuas habeto. Ego
v̄ero sororem tuam, et nomen, quo tu
censeris, aiebat, iam mihi confarreatis
nuptiis coniugabo.' Et statim Zephyro
præcipit, ultra terminos me domus
eius efflaret."

Necdum sermonem Psyche finierat:
illa vesanæ libidinis et invidiæ noxiæ
stimulis agitata, præconcinnato men-
dacio fallens maritum, quasi de morte

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

Suddenly—O matchless woe!—the lamp let fall a drop of boiling oil upon his shoulder. The pain awoke him instantly, and, when he saw me armed with fire and steel, he cried: ‘Begone! thy contemplated crime is execrable; leave my bed, on the instant, and take those things which belong to thee. Thy sister’—and he mentioned your name—‘thy sister shall be my bride, and I will give her the usual wedding gifts;’ and he forthwith bade Zephyr bear me beyond the bounds of his domain.”

Even before Psyche had finished, the other, excited by a frantic passion and by the wicked jealousy which consumed her, invented a tale to deceive her husband; and, on the

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

parentum aliquid comperisset, statim
navem ascendit: et ad illum scopu-
lum protinus pergit; et, quamvis alio
vento flante, cæca spe tamen inhians:
“Accipe me,” dicens, “Cupido, dignam
te coniugem: et tu, Zephyre, suscipe
dominam:” saltu se maximo præcipi-
tem dedit. Nec tamen ad illum locum,
vel saltem mortua, pervenire potuit.
Nam per saxa cautium membris iac-
tatis atque dissipatis, et, perinde ut
merebatur, laceratis visceribus suis,

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

pretext that she had just learned that her parents were dead, set sail at once. She hastened at her utmost speed to the cliff; and although the wind was blowing from a different quarter at the time, yet, blinded by her impatience and her hopes, she cried: "Take me, Cupid, take a spouse worthy of thee; and do thou, Zephyr, transport thy mistress." At the same time, she leaped headlong into space. But she failed to reach the valley, even at the price of her life; for the projecting rocks caught her limbs and tore them asunder. She met with the fate which she deserved; her entrails were scattered to the winds, and afforded sustenance to birds of

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

alitibus bestiisque obvium ferens pabulum, interiit.

Nec vindictæ sequentis pœna tardavit. Nam Psyche errabundo rursus gradu pervenit ad civitatem aliam, in qua pari modo soror morabatur alia. Nec secius et ista fallacie germanitatis inducta, et in sororis sceleratas nuptias æmula festinavit ad scopulum: inque simile mortis exitium cecidit.

Interim dum Psyche quæstioni Cupidinis intenta, populos circuibat; at ille vulnere lucernæ dolens, in ipso thalamo matris iacens ingemebat. Tunc avis peralba illa Gavia, quæ

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

prey and wild beasts along the road.
So did she die.

Nor was the punishment of the second sister long delayed. In due time, Psyche, resuming her wanderings, reached another city, where her other sister dwelt. Seduced by a similar fallacious tale, and burning to supplant her younger sister by a criminal union, she, also, hastened to the cliff; but she, too, leaped from the summit and met death in the same way.

While Psyche, intent alone upon finding Cupid, wandered over the earth, he, still suffering from the wound inflicted by the lamp, lay groaning in his mother's bed. There-upon, that snow-white bird which

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

super fluctus marinos pinnis natat,
demergit sese propere ad Oceani
profundum gremium. Ibi commo-
dum Venerem lavantem natantemque
propter assistens, indicat adustum
filium eius gravi vulneris dolore, mœ-
rentem, dubium salutis iacere: iam-
que per cunctorum ora populorum
rumoribus conviciisque variis omnem
Veneris familiam male audire: quod
ille quidem montano scortatu, tu vero

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

skims along the surface of the waves, brushing them with his wings,—the gull,—plunged into the depths. He sought lovely Venus, who was bathing and swimming about at the bottom of the sea, and, lighting beside her, told her that her son was grievously hurt by a burn, and was crushed by sorrow; that he was confined to his bed, uncertain whether he should ever leave it again; that throughout the world there was a chorus of rumors and insulting complaints; that Venus and her family were falling into evil repute; that people said that no one ever saw them now, the son being among the mountains with a woman of vile character, and the mother amusing herself

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PSYCHE

marino natatu secesseritis; ac per hoc non Voluptas ulla, non Gratia, non Lepos, sed incompta, et agrestia, et horrida cuncta sint: non nuptiæ coniugales, non amicitiaë sociales, non liberum caritates, sed enormis illuvies, et squalentium fœderum insuave fastidium. Hæc illa verbosa et satis curiosa avis in auribus Veneris filium læerans existimatione, ganniebat.

At Venus irata solidum, exclamat repente: "Ergo iam ille bonus filius meus habet amicam aliquam? Prome, agedum, quæ sola mihi servis amanter,

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PSYCHE

by swimming under the sea; consequently, there was an absolute dearth of pleasure, of amusement, of the charms of existence; everything was neglected; everything was taking on a wild and repellent aspect; there were no more betrothals or marriages, no more happy households, no more adored children; the confusion was beyond belief; every one mocked at oaths, with scandalous contempt. Thus did that loquacious bird chatter in Venus's ear, tearing her son to tatters and defaming him by his babble.

Venus, beside herself with wrath, cried out: "Oho! so my young hopeful has a mistress already! Do you, who alone serve me loyally,

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nomen eius, quæ puerum ingenuum et investem sollicitavit, sive illa de Nympharum populo, seu de Horarum numero, seu de Musarum choro, vel de mearum Gratiarum ministerio." Nec loquax illa conticuit avis; sed, "Nescio," inquit, "domina. Puto, puellæ, si probe memini, Psyches nomine dicitur, efflicte cupere." Tunc indignata Venus exclamavit: "Vel maxime Psychen ille, meæ formæ succubam, mei nominis æmulam, vere diligit. Nimirum istud incrementum lenam me putavit, cuius monstratu puellam illam cognosceret."

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do you tell me her name who has seduced a simple and still beardless boy. Is it one of the Nymphs? of the Hours? of the Muses? or one of the Graces who are in my service?"

The talkative bird knew naught of discretion. "Mistress," he replied, "I cannot tell you with certainty, but I think that it is a young girl named Psyche; he is madly in love with her."

"What! can it be?" cried Venus, angrily; "he loves that Psyche, the rival of my charms, who assumes to steal my very name! That is to say, the brat mistakes me for a procuress; and had it not been that I pointed out that hussy to him, they would not have known each other!"

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PSYCHE

Hæc quiritans properiter emergit e mari, suumque protinus aureum thalamum petiit : et reperto, sicut audierat, ægroto puero, iam inde a foribus quam maxime boans : “Honestæ,” inquit, “hæc, et natalibus nostris bonæque tuæ frugicongruentia? Ut primum quidem tuæ parentis, immo dominæ præcepta calcares, nec sordidis amoribus inimicam meam pollueres ; verum etiam hoc ætatis puer, tuis licentiosis et immaturis iungeres amplexibus ; ut ego nurum scilicet tolerarem inimicam. Sed utique præsumis nugo, et

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Grumbling thus, she rose hurriedly from the sea and hastened to her magnificent palace, and, finding her son sick, as she had been told, she began at the threshold to shout with the full force of her lungs: "Here are pretty doings, in sooth, well adapted to do credit to thy family and to thy morality! So thou must needs begin by trampling thy mother's, aye, thy queen's, orders under foot. Why didst thou not cause my rival to undergo the shame of an ignoble passion? And then, too, as if a brat of thy years were at liberty to take a wife! art thou not too young to seek to force upon me a daughter-in-law who would be my enemy? Doubtless thou presumest to believe, little marplot,

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PSYCHE

corruptor, et inamabilis, te solum generosum, nec me iam per ætatem posse concipere. Velim ergo scias, multo te meliorem filium alium genituram, immo, ut contumeliam magis sentias, aliquem de meis adoptaturam vernulis: eique donaturam istas pinnas, et flammas, et arcum, et istas sagittas, et omnem meam supellectilem, quam tibi non ad hos usus dederam. Nec enim de patris tui bonis, ad instructionem istam quidquam concessum est. Sed male prima pueritia inductus es, et acutas manus habes, et maiores

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PSYCHE

little seducer, little monster whom every one detests, that thou alone canst have children, and that I am too old to become a mother. I am very happy to inform thee that I will have another son, who will be a much better one than thou art. Furthermore, to wound thee in a still more sensitive spot, I will adopt some one of my young slaves; to him will I give thy wings, thy torch, thy bow, and thy arrows; the whole equipment belongs to me, and I did not place it in thy hands to be thus used. Be sure that no recourse was had to thy father's wealth to equip thee. But thou hast been badly brought up from infancy; thou art always quarrelling. How many times hast thou irreverently

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tuos irreverenter pulsasti toties; et ipsam matrem tuam, me, inquam, ipsam, parricida, denudas quotidie: et percussisti sæpius, et quasi viduam utique contemnis. Nec vitricum tuum, fortissimum illum maximumque bellatorem metuis. Quidni! cui sæpius, in angorem mei pellicatus, puellas propinare consuesti. Sed iam faxo, te lusus huius pœniteat, et sentias acidas et amaras istas nuptias.

“Sed nunc irrisui habita quid agam? Quo me conferam? Quibus modis stellionem istum cohibeam? Petamne

CUPID
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struck those who were older than thyself! Dost thou not, in sooth, wretched matricide, dost thou not rob me, thy own mother, every day? hast thou not struck me a hundred times? dost thou not scorn me, as if I no longer had a husband? And thy stepfather, that grand and mighty warrior,—thou standest in not the slightest awe of him. What do I say? in order to drive me to frenzy, thou dost play the gal-lant for him and provide him with maids. Ah! I will make thee repent thy escapades; thou shalt smart for this marriage of thine.—But what shall I do, now that I have become the laughing-stock of the whole world? Where shall I hide my head? how punish this little reptile? Shall I

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auxilium ab inimica mea Sobrietate, quam propter huius ipsius luxuriam offendi sæpius? Aut rusticæ squalentisque feminæ colloquium adhibendum est? Horresco: nec tamen vindictæ solatium unde spernendum est. Illa mihi prorsus adhibenda est, nec ulla alia: quæ castiget asperrime nugonem istum: pharetram explicet, et sagittas dearmet, arcum enodet, tædam deflammet, immo et ipsum corpus eius acrioribus remediis coerceat. Tunc iniuriæ meæ litatum crediderim, cum eius comas, quas istis manibus

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implore the help of my foe, Sobriety, whom I have so often insulted to gratify this child's whims? Must I place myself in the power of so coarse and vulgar a woman, of one so careless of her personal appearance? The bare idea makes me shudder. And yet, revenge has its consolations which I cannot at any price afford to despise. Yes, I will have recourse to Sobriety. She will chastise my varlet soundly, she will empty his quiver, blunt his arrows, loosen the string of his bow, and extinguish his torch; and as to his person, she will find a way to make herself mistress of it, with violent remedies. The affront put upon me will not be fully expiated until she has shaved those golden

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meis subinde aureo nitore perstrinxi,
deraserit: pinnas, quas meo gremio
nectarei fontis infeci, prætotonderit."

Sic effata, foras sese proripit infesta, et stomachata biles Venereas. Sed eam protinus Ceres et Iuno continuantur: visamque voltu tumido, quæsiere, cur truci supercilio tantam venustatem micantium oculorum coecreret? At illa, "Opportune," inquit, "ardenti prorsus isto meo pectori violentiam scilicet perpetraturæ venitis.

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locks through which I have so often passed my fingers, until she has clipped those wings which my bosom watered from the abundant springs of its nectar."

Having spoken, she rushed furiously forth from her palace. Wrath stirred her bile; and how fierce the wrath of Venus! But she was at once accosted by Juno and Ceres. Those goddesses, seeing how convulsed her features were, asked her the cause of that savage expression which marred the brilliancy and charm of her lovely eyes?

"Our meeting is most opportune," she said; "my heart is so inflamed that I should have yielded to the impulse to do some deed of violence."

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Sed totis, oro, vestris viribus Psychen illam fugitivam, volaticam, mihi requirite. Nec enim vos utique domus meæ famosa fabula, et non dicendi filii mei facta latuerunt."

Tunc illæ gnaræ, quæ gesta sunt, pâlpare Veneris iram sævientem sic adortæ: "Quid tale, domina, deliquit tuus filius, ut animo pervicaci voluptates illius impugnes: et, quam ille diligit, tu quoque perdere gestias? Quod autem, oramus, isti crimen, si puellæ lepidæ libenter arrisit? An ignoras, eum masculum et iuvenem esse, vel certe iam quot sit annorum

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Do all that you possibly can to find for me this Psyche, who has fled, flown I know not whither. For you doubtless know of the too widely known scandal which has befallen my family, and of his escapade whom I can no longer call my son."

Thereupon, the goddesses, who knew what had happened, thus essayed to soothe Venus's fierce wrath: "What is this heinous crime which thy son has committed, that thou dost persist in combating his inclinations, and that thou dost seek the ruin of her he loves? What sin is there, pray, in his making soft eyes at a pretty girl? Knowest thou not that he is a young man and a bachelor? or hast thou already forgotten his age?

CUPIDO

ET

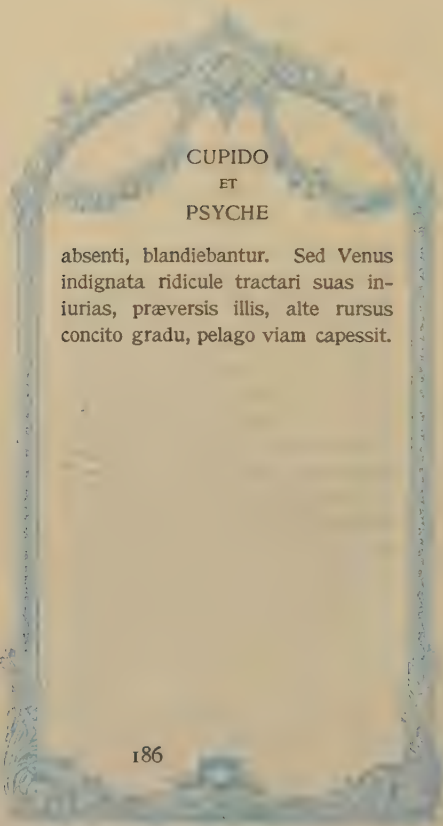
PSYCHE

oblita es? An quod ætatem portat
bellule, puer tibi semper videtur?
Mater autem tu, et præterea cordata
mulier, filii tui lusus semper explor-
abis curiose, et in eo luxuriam culpa-
bis, et amores revinces, et tuas artes
tuasque delicias in formoso filio rep-
rehendes? Quis autem te deum, quis
hominum patietur, passim cupidines
populis disseminantem, cum tuæ do-
mus amores amare coerceas, et vitio-
rum muliebrium publicam præcludas
officinam?" Sic illæ metu sagittarum,
patrocinio gratioso Cupidini, quamvis

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Is it because he carries his years lightly, that he still seems a child to thee? Nay, more, dost thou, who art a mother, and, what is more, a woman of sense, dost thou propose always to keep a close watch on his love-affairs, to reprove him for his gallantries, thwart his inclinations, and condemn thine own habits and pleasures in that charming boy? What god, what mortal, will endure the thought that thou, who dost sow the tender passion broadcast among all nations, dost forbid the Loves of thine own family to love, and that thou dost prohibit them from entertaining a passion for womankind?"

Thus did the goddesses, dreading Cupid's darts, take up the defence of



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absenti, blandiebantur. Sed Venus
indignata ridicule tractari suas in-
iurias, præversis illis, alte rursus
concito gradu, pelago viam capessit.

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the absent one, to whom they desired to pay court. But Venus, indignant that they should treat as subjects for jesting the insults she had received, turned her back upon them both, and went on toward the sea.



VI

Interea Psyche variis iactabatur
discursibus, dies noctesque mariti
vestigationibus inquieta, animo tanto
cupidior; iratum licet, si non uxo-
riis blanditiis lenire, certe servilibus
precibus propitiare. Et, prospecto



VI

Meanwhile, Psyche wandered about in many different lands. Occupied day and night in seeking her husband, she took no rest, and her heart's desire grew ever stronger. However irritated he might be, she hoped, if not to soften him by the caresses of a wife, at all events to disarm him by the entreaties of a slave. Having spied

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templo quodam in ardui montis vertice, "Unde autem," inquit, "scio an istic meus degat dominus?" Et illico dirigit citatum gressum, qua defectum prorsus assiduis laboribus spes incitabat et votum. Iamque gnaviter emensis celsioribus iugis, pulvinaribus sese proximam intulit. Videt spicas frumentarias in acervo, et alias flexiles in corona, et spicas hordei videt. Erant et falces, et operæ messoriarum mundus omnis; sed cuncta passim iacentia, et incuria confusa, et, ut solet, æstu laborantium manibus projecta. Hæc singula Psyche curiose

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from afar a temple on the summit of a steep mountain, she said to herself: "Who can say that my lord and master does not dwell there?" And forthwith she bent her steps eagerly toward that goal, whither, despite the fatigue of her long journeyings, her hopes and her wishes beckoned her. When she had bravely climbed to that great height, she entered the sanctuary. She saw blades of wheat in great heaps, and some woven into wreaths; ears of barley, too, she saw. There were scythes also, and all the implements of harvest; but everything was strewn about in confusion and heedlessly, as happens when the laborers are weary and breathless. Psyche arranged with care that

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dividit, et discretim remota rite componit: rata scilicet, nullius dei fana et cæremonias negligere se debere, sed omnium benivolam misericordiam corrogare.

Hæc eam sollicite seduloque curantem, Ceres alma deprehendit; et longum exclamat protinus: "Ah, Psyche miseranda! totum per orbem Venus anxia disquisitione tuum vestigium furens animi requirit: teque ad extremum supplicium expetit, et totis numinis sui viribus ultionem flagitat. Tu vero rerum mearum tutelam nunc geris, et aliud quidquam

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confused mass : she sorted everything and set the whole to rights, being well assured that it was her duty to implore the kindly compassion of every divinity, and not to neglect the temple and the worship of any.

While she performed this task, with the most active and conscientious zeal, Ceres, the goddess of harvests, spied her. "Ah ! unhappy Psyche !" she exclaimed. "Venus is anxiously seeking your footprints throughout the whole world ; nothing can exceed her rage and her desire to meet you. She intends to put you to death by torture ; and she puts forth all the power she can command, to be revenged on you. And lo ! I find you looking to my interests, and thoughtful

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cogitas, nisi de tua salute?" Tunc Psyche pedes eius advoluta, et uberi fletu rigans deæ vestigia, humumque verrens crinibus suis, multiugis precibus editis veniam postulabat :

"Per ego te frugiferam tuam dexteram istam deprecor, per lætificas messium cæremonias, per tacita secreta cistarum, et per famulorum tuorum draconum pinnata curricula, et glebæ Siculæ sulcamina, et currum rapacem, et terram tenacem, et illuminarum Proserpinæ nuptiarum demeacula, et luminosarum filiæ

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of everything save your own welfare."

Thereupon, Psyche threw herself at the goddess's knees, swept the ground with her hair, bathed the goddess's feet with her fast-flowing tears, and implored her protection with the most fervent prayers: "By thy hand, which brings forth the fruits of the earth, by the joyous ceremonial of the harvest, by the secret mysteries of thy baskets, by the winged chariots of the dragons which obey thee, by the furrows of fertile Trinacria, by the ravisher's chariot, by the earth which imprisons Proserpine, by the subterranean scene of her gloomy nuptials, by the torches by whose light thou camest forth from the infernal regions

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inventionum remeacula, et cetera, quæ silentio tegit Eleusinis Atticæ sacrum, miserandæ Psychæ animæ, supplicis tuæ, subsiste. Inter istam spicarum congeriem patere vel pauculos dies delitescam; quoad deæ tantæ sæviens ira spatio temporis mitigetur, vel certe meæ vires diutino labore fessæ quietis intervallo leniantur."

Suscipit Ceres: "Tuis quidem lacrymosis precibus et commoveor, et opitulari cupio: sed cognatæ meæ, cum qua etiam antiquum fœdus

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after thou hadst recovered her, and by all the other consecrated mysteries which the Attic Eleusis veils with an awe-inspiring silence, take under thy protection the life of the ill-fated Psyche, who kneels, a suppliant, at thy feet. Suffer me to lie hid, though but for a few days, amid these piles of grain, until time shall have calmed the fury of that mighty goddess, or until a little repose shall have restored my exhausted strength."

"Your tears and your prayers have touched my heart," Ceres replied. "Of a surety, I would be glad to assist you. But Venus is my kinswoman; the bonds of a long-standing friendship unite us; moreover, she is

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amicitiæ colo, bonæ præterea feminæ,
malam gratiam subire nequeo. De-
cede itaque istis ædibus protinus:
et, quod a me retenta custoditaque
non fueris, optimi consule." Contra
spem suam repulsa Psyche, et afflicta
duplici mæstitia, iter retrorsum por-
rigens, inter subsitæ convallis sub-
lucidum lucum prospicit fanum solerti
fabrica structum: nec ullam vel du-
biam spei melioris viam volens
omittere, sed adire cuiuscunque dei
veniam, sacratis foribus proximat.
Videt dona speciosa, et lacinias auro
litteratas, ramis arborum postibusque

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a noble woman, and I cannot incur the risk of offending her. Therefore, go forth instantly from this temple, and esteem yourself fortunate that I do not detain you under watch and ward."

Being thus repulsed, contrary to her hope, Psyche went her way, and her heart was doubly oppressed. She retraced her steps; and over a dense wood which lay in the valley at her feet, she saw in the distance a temple of graceful construction. Determined to neglect no chance of better fortune, and to implore the assistance of every divinity, she drew near the consecrated doors. She saw rich offerings, robes embroidered with gold letters, hanging from the branches of the trees

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suffixas; quæ cum gratia facti nomen
deæ, cui fuerant dicata, testabantur.
Tunc genu nixa, et manibus aram
tepentem amplexa, detergis ante lac-
rymis, sic apprecatur.

“ Magni Iovis germana et coniuga :
sive tu Sami, quæ querulo partu
vagituque et alimonia tua gloriatur,
tenes vetusta delubra; sive celsæ
Carthaginis, quæ te virginem vec-
tura leonis cœlo commeantem per-
colit, beatas sedes frequentas; sive

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and from the doors, and bearing, with details of the gifts, the name of the goddess to whom they were offered up. Thereupon, kneeling upon the ground, and clasping with her hands the still warm altar, she offered this prayer, after wiping away her tears :

“O sister and spouse of the great Jove, whether thou dost abide in thy ancient temple in that isle of Samos which boasts of having given birth to thee, of having heard thy first cries and wailings, and of having given thee suck ; or dost dwell in the blessed mansions of proud Carthage, which adores thee in the guise of a virgin borne aloft by a dragon ; or dost rule over the renowned city of

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prope ripas Inachi, qui te iam nuptam
Tonantis, et reginam dearum mem-
orat, inclytis Argivorum præsidēs
mœnibus; quam cunctus Oriens Zy-
giam veneratur, et omnis Occidens
Lucinam appellat: sis meis extremis
casibus Iuno Sospita, meque in tantis
exantlatis laboribus defessam, immi-
nentis periculi metu libera. Quod
sciam, soles prægñantibus periclitan-
tibus ultro subvenire."

Ad istum modum supplicanti statim
sese Iuno cum totius sui numinis au-
gusta dignitate præsētat, et protinus:

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Argos, by the shores of Inachus, which long ago proclaimed thee the spouse of the lord of the thunder, and the queen of the goddesses; be thou, whom all the East reveres by the name of Zygia, and all the West by that of Lucina,—be thou Juno the Protectress to me in my extreme wretchedness; behold the distress which my fatigue has brought upon me; deliver me from the imminent peril which I dread. If I mistake not, thou art wont to give succor in person to pregnant women in time of danger.”

Thus did she implore; and Juno instantly appeared before her, in all the imposing majesty of her divinity, and thus replied :



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“Quam vellem,” inquit, “per fidem nutum meum precibus tuis accommodare: sed contra voluntatem Veneris, nurus meæ, quam filiæ semper dilexi loco, præstare me pudor non sinit. Tunc etiam legibus, quæ servos alienos profugos, invitis dominis, vetant suscipi, prohibeor.” Isto quoque Fortunæ naufragio Psyche perterrita, nec indipisci iam maritum volatilem quiens, tota spe salutis deposita, sic ipsa suas cogitationes consuluit: “Iam quæ possunt alia meis ærumnis tentari vel adhiberi subsidia, cui ne dearum quidem, quamquam volentium, potuerunt prodesse

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“By all that I hold most sacred, I would most gladly grant to your entreaties that which you desire at my hands! But can I oppose the will of Venus, my daughter-in-law, whom I have always loved as my own child? Would modesty permit me to do it? Moreover, the laws which forbid the harboring of fugitive slaves against their masters’ will would hold my hand.”

This new blow of fate crushed poor Psyche altogether. Unable to find her winged spouse, and abandoning all hope of succor, she reflected thus: “What assistance can I now seek, now hope to obtain, in my misery, when the goddesses themselves, despite their kindly impulses, dare not

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suffragia? Quo rursum itaque, tantis laqueis inclusa, vestigium porrigam: quibusque tectis vel etiam tenebris abscondita, magnæ Veneris inevitabiles oculos effugiam? Quin igitur masculum tandem sumis animum, et cassæ speculæ renuntias fortiter, et ultroneam te dominæ tuæ reddis, et vel sera modestia sævientes impetus eius mitigas? Qui scias an etiam, quem diu quæritas, illic in domo matris reperiās?" Sic ad dubium obsequium, immo ad certum exitium præparata, principium futuræ secum meditabatur obsecrationis.

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show their interest in me? Whither shall I, encompassed by pitfalls as I am, now bend my steps? What roof, what darkness even, will so conceal me that I can escape the unerring glance of mighty Venus? Psyche, you must put on the armor of masculine vigor. Have the courage to renounce a last delusive hope. Give yourself up voluntarily to your sovereign; your submission, belated though it be, will disarm her wrath and her cruelty. May it not be that he whom you have sought so long is in his mother's palace?"

Choosing thus the uncertain hazard of capitulation, rather than certain destruction, she considered how she should begin her entreaties.

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At Venus terrenis remediis inquisitionis abnuens, cœlum petit. Iubet construi currum, quem ei Vulcanus aurifex subtili fabrica studiose poliverat, et ante thalami rudimentum nuptiale munus obtulerat, limæ tenuantis detrimento conspicuum, et ipsius auri damno pretiosum. De multis, quæ circa cubiculum dominæ stabulant, procedunt quatuor candidæ columbæ, et hilaris incessibus picta colla torquentes, iugum gemmeum subeunt:

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Meanwhile, Venus, abandoning her search on earth, determined to go up into Olympus. She bade the chariot be prepared which Vulcan, the wonderful smith, had made with all the care and skill of which he was capable, and with which he had done homage to her as a wedding gift, before the consummation of their union. It was a wonderful piece of work, the burnished gold being heightened in brilliancy by the process of filing, even though the quantity of the metal was thereby reduced. Of the numerous doves fluttering about the goddess's apartments, four flew joyously to meet her, dazzlingly white, and, with a turn of their soft-hued necks, passed their heads through a

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PSYCHE

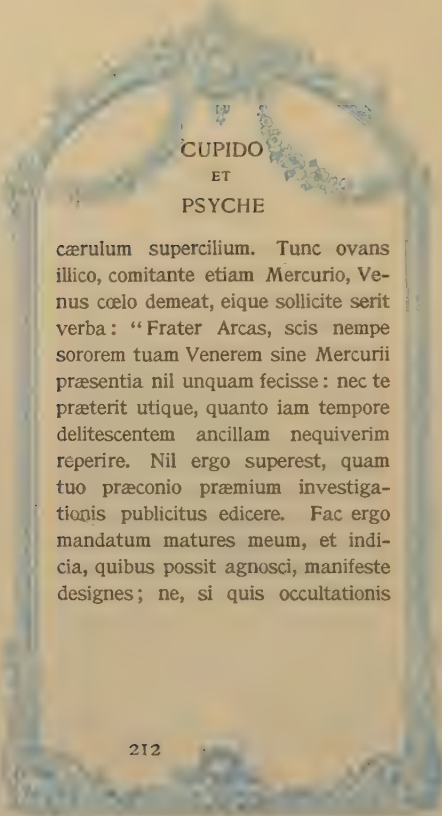
susceptaque domina lætæ subvolant.
Curram deæ prosequentes gannitu
constrepenti lasciviunt passeres : et
ceteræ, quæ dulce cantitant aves,
melleis modulis suave resonantes,
adventum deæ prænunciant. Cedunt
nubes, et cælum filiæ panditur : et
summus æther cum gaudio suscipit
deam. Nec obvias aquilas, vel ac-
cipitres rapaces pertimescit magnæ
Veneris canora familia.

Tunc se protinus ad regias Iovis
arces dirigit, et petitu superbo Mer-
curii, dei vocalis, operæ necessariam
usuram postulat. Nec renuit Iovis

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yoke gleaming with precious stones. Their mistress seated herself, and they flew merrily upward. The goddess's chariot was attended by frolicking sparrows, whose wings made a confused rustling noise; the other birds, with soft, sweet strains, announced the goddess's coming. The clouds parted, heaven opened its gates to its daughter, the sublime ether welcomed the goddess with transports of joy, and the mighty Venus's melodious escort feared not to encounter eagles or rapacious vultures.

Instantly she bent her steps toward Jupiter's royal palace, and, in a haughty tone, demanded the services of Mercury, which were necessary to the success of her plans. Jupiter's



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cærulū supercilium. Tunc ovans
illico, comitante etiam Mercurio, Ve-
nus cœlo debeat, eique sollicite serit
verba: "Frater Arcas, scis nempe
sororem tuam Venerem sine Mercurii
præsentia nil unquam fecisse: nec te
præterit utique, quanto iam tempore
delitescētem ancillam nequiverim
reperire. Nil ergo superest, quam
tuo præconio præmium investiga-
tionis publicitus edicere. Fac ergo
mandatum matures meum, et indi-
cia, quibus possit agnosci, manifeste
designes; ne, si quis occultationis

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swarthy eyebrows signified his assent. Triumphantly did Venus once more descend to earth, accompanied by Mercury; and the fair petitioner spoke thus to him: "My brother Arcadian, well dost thou know that thy sister Venus has never accomplished aught without the aid of Mercury; moreover, thou knowest how long I have sought, to no purpose, the slave who is hiding from me. There is no way left for me now save only to make it known publicly, by thy voice, that there will be a handsome reward for him who shall find her. I beg thee to fulfil my desires as soon as possible, and to publish a minute description of her person; so that if, perchance, we do hereafter accuse some one of

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illicitæ crimen subierit, ignorantia se possit excusatione defendere.” Et simul dicens, libellum ei porrigit, ubi Psyches nomen continebatur, et cetera. Quo facto, protinus domum secessit.

Nec Mercurius omisit obsequium. Nam per omnium ora populorum passim discurrens, sic mandatae prædicationis munus exsequebatur: “Si quis a fuga retrahere, vel occultam demonstrare poterit fugitivam regis filiam, Veneris ancillam, nomine Psychen, conveniat retro metas Murtias Mercurium prædicatorem, accepturus

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having wrongfully concealed her, the culprit may not justify his action on the pretext of ignorance."—With that, she gave him a paper containing Psyche's name and other details; then returned at once to her abode.

Mercury delayed not to obey. He visited all the nations from one end of the world to the other; and he made, in these words, the announcement which the goddess desired: "A slave named Psyche, a king's daughter, and belonging to Venus, has fled from her mistress. Whosoever may be able to detain her, or to point out the place where she lies hidden, is requested to give notice to Mercury, who makes this announcement, behind the Murtian Pyramids. He shall

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indicinæ nomine ab ipsa Venere septem savia suavia, et unum blandientis appulsu linguæ longe mellitum.” Ad hunc modum pronunciante Mercurio, tanti præmii cupido certatim omnium mortalium studium arrexerat. Quæ res nunc vel maxime sustulit Psyches omnem contationem.

Iamque fores eius dominæ proximanti occurrit una de famulatione Veneris, nomine Consuetudo: statimque, quantum maxime potuit, exclamat: “Tandem, ancilla nequissima, dominam habere te scire cœpisti? An pro cetera morum tuorum temeritate,

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receive, by way of reward for his information, seven sweet kisses from Venus herself, and a last one, far sweeter than all the rest, given with the tongue upon his lips."—When Mercury had made this announcement, the longing for so priceless a reward aroused the keenest interest in every mortal man. Whereupon, Psyche's hesitation instantly came to an end.

She was already within a short distance of her sovereign's gates, when she saw coming toward her one of Venus's tire-women, named Habit, who made haste to cry out at the top of her voice: "So, vile slave, you have begun at last to learn that you have a mistress. Will you, persisting in your shameful lechery,

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istud quoque nescire te fingis, quantos labores circa tuas inquisitiones sustinuerimus? Sed bene, quod meas potissimum manus incidisti, et inter Orci canculos iam ipsos adhæsisti; datura scilicet actutum contumaciæ tantæ poenas." Et audaciter in capillos eius immissa manu, trahebat eam, nequaquam renitentem.

Quam ubi primum inductam oblataque sibi conspexit Venus, latissimum cachinnum extollit, et qualem solent ferventer irati: caputque quatens, et adscalpens aurem dexteram, "Tandem," inquit, "dignata es socrum tuam salutare? An potius maritum, qui vulnere tuo periclitatur,

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pretend to know naught of the fatigue we have incurred in chasing after you? Luckily, you have fallen into my hands, and here you are, safe and sound in the clutches of Hell; you shall be punished as you deserve for your rebellion."—Even as she spoke, she seized her roughly by the hair and dragged the poor child, unresisting, away.

When Psyche was ushered into Venus's presence, the goddess burst into a noisy laugh, as when one is furiously angry; then, shaking her head and scratching her right ear, she said: "At last, you have deigned to come and salute your mother-in-law. Or is it not rather your husband, now dangerously ill from a wound inflicted

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intervisere venisti? Sed esto segura. Iam enim excipiam te, ut bonam nurum condecet;” et, “Ubi,” inquit, “Sollicitudo atque Tristities, ancillæ meæ?” Quibus introvocatis torquendam tradidit eam. At illæ sequentes herile præceptum, Psychen misellam flagellis afflictam, et ceteris tormentis excruciatam, iterum dominæ conspectui reddunt.

Tunc rursus sublato risu Venus, “Et ecce,” inquit, “nobis turgidi ventris sui lenocinio commovet miserationem: unde me præclara sobole aviam beatam scilicet faciat. Felix

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by you, whom you are curious to see ?
But have no fear ; I propose to offer
you a welcome befitting a good daugh-
ter-in-law.—Where,” she added, “are
my servants Anxiety and Sadness?”—
And when those two came, she aban-
doned poor Psyche to their tortures.
In accordance with their mistress’s
orders, they scourged her pitilessly,
overwhelmed her with the most hor-
rible abuse, then brought her back
before the goddess’s eyes.

Again Venus roared with laughter.
“Behold the belly whose great size
ought to fill me with delight and in-
cline me to indulgence ! whence is
to come forth the glorious offspring to
whom I shall owe the honor of being
a grandmother ! Supreme felicity, in

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vero ego, quæ in ipso ætatis meæ flore vocabor avia: et vilis ancillæ filius nepos Veneris audiet. Quamquam inepta ego frustra filium dicam. Impares enim nuptiæ, et præterea in villa, sine testibus, et patre non consentiente factæ, legitimæ non possunt videri: ac per hoc spurius iste nascetur; si tamen partum omnino proferre te patiemur."

His editis, involat eam, vestemque plurifariam diloricat: capilloque discisso, et capite conquassato, graviter affligit, et, accepto frumento et hordeo

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sooth, to hear one's self called grandmother in the very flower of one's youth, and to know that a vile slave's brat is called Venus's grandchild! But what do I say? I am mad; I am mistaken in saying that he will be my grandson. The marriage is void; it was consummated in the country, without witnesses, without the father's consent; it could not be a lawful marriage, and the child will be a bastard, assuming, that is to say, that we give you time to bring it into the world."

As she finished speaking, she pounced upon Psyche, tore her clothes in a thousand places, tore out her hair, and bruised her face, striking it with the utmost violence. Then she bade her servants bring wheat, barley,

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et milio et papavere et cicere et lente
et faba, commixtisque acervatim con-
fususque in unum grumulum, sic ad
illam: "Videris enim mihi tam de-
formis ancilla nullo alio, sed tantum
sedulo ministerio amatores tuos
promereri: iam ergo et ipsa frugem
tuam periclitabor. Discerne seminum
istorum passivam congeriem: singu-
lisque granis rite dispositis atque
seiugatis, ante istam vesperam opus
expeditum approbato mihi." Sic as-
signato tantorum seminum cumulo,
ipsa cœnæ nuptiali concessit.

Nec Psyche manus admolitur in-
conditæ illi et inextricabili moli; sed

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millet, poppy-seed, peas, lentils, and beans. She mixed them all together, so that there was but one pile. Then she said to her: "When one is so ugly as you, and is a mere serving-maid, it seems to me that there is no other way to procure lovers than by putting forth all one's ardor in their service. So I propose to learn for myself what you are good for. Sort out this heap of different grains which I have mixed together; place each kind in a pile by itself, grain by grain; before evening, you must submit the completed task for my approval." She pointed to the immense pile of grain, and went off to a wedding feast.

Psyche did not even think of putting her hand to that confused and

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immanitate præcepti consternata, silens obstupescit. Tunc formicula illa parvula, atque ruricola, certa tum difficultatis tantæ, laborisque miserta contubernalis magni dei, socrusque sævitiam execrata, discurrrens gnaviter convocat corrogatque cunctam formicarum accolarum classem: "Miseremini, terræ omniparentis agiles alumnae, miseremini, et Amoris uxori, puellæ lepidæ, periclitanti prompta velocitate succurrite." Ruunt aliæ, superque aliæ sepedum populorum

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inextricable mass; but, struck with consternation by such an atrociously cruel command, she maintained a stupefied silence. Thereupon, the ant, that tiny insect which dwells in the fields, appreciating the enormous difficulty of the task, had compassion on the misfortune of the spouse of a powerful god. The mother-in-law's cruelty aroused his indignation. He ran quickly hither and thither, summoning and collecting all his neighbor ants.—“To your compassion, ye agile children of the fertile earth,” he said, “to your compassion I appeal. Come, overflowing with zeal and ardor, and succor a fair young damsel, Cupid's bride.”—Instantly, like waves of the sea, those six-footed

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undæ, summoque studio singulæ
granatim totum digerunt acervum:
separatimque distributis dissitisque
generibus, e conspectu perneciter
abeunt. Sed initio noctis e convivio
nuptiali vino madens, et fragrans
balsama Venus remeat, totumque
revincta corpus rosis micantibus;
visaue diligentia miri laboris: "Non
tuum," inquit, "nequissima, nec tua-
rum manuum istud opus, sed illius,
cui tuo, immo et ipsius malo, pla-
cuisti." Et frusto cibarii panis ei
proiecto, cubitum facessit.

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tribes came rushing at one another's heels. With incredible zeal they sorted out the mass, grain by grain; and, having made a separate pile of each variety, they at once disappeared. But, at nightfall, Venus returned from the wedding feast, flushed with wine, exhaling an odor of balsam, her whole body bedecked with dazzlingly beautiful roses. When she saw with what miraculous diligence the task had been performed, she cried: "It was not you, vile harlot, it was not your hands which did the work; it was the little traitor whom, to his undoing, as to your own, you chose to seduce."

And, tossing her a piece of coarse bread, she went to bed.



VII

Interim Cupido solus interioris domus unici cubiculi custodia clausus, coercebatur acriter: partim, ne petulanti luxurie volnus gravaret; partim, ne cum sua cupita conveniret. Sic ergo distentis et sub uno tecto separatis amatoribus, tetra nox



VII

Meanwhile, Cupid, imprisoned in an isolated apartment in the depths of the palace, was kept in close confinement, partly in order that his frowardness and follies might not inflame his wound, partly that he might not meet his fair enslaver. Thus did the lovers, apart, though beneath the same roof, pass a cruel night. As soon as

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exantlata. Sed Aurora commodum inequitante, vocatæ Psychæ Venus infit talia: "Videsne illud nemus, quod fluvio præterruenti, ripisque longis attenditur: cuius imi gurgites vicinum fontem respiciunt? Oves ibi nitentes, auriq̃ue colore florentes, incustodito pastu vagantur. Inde de coma pretiosi velleris floccum mihi confestim quoquo modo quæsitum afferas, censeo."

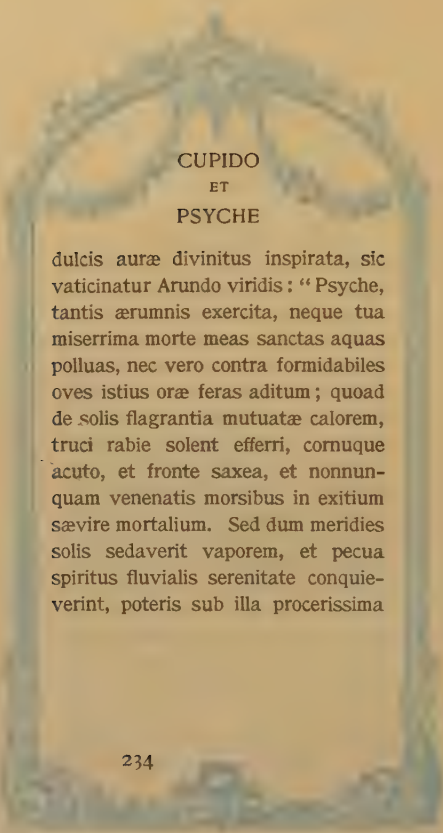
Perrexit Psyche volenter, non obsequium quidem illa functura, sed requiem malorum præcipitio fluvialis rupis habitura. Sed inde de fluvio Musicæ suavis nutricula, leni crepitu

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Aurora had mounted her chariot,
Venus summoned Psyche, and said
to her :

“See you yonder wood ? It follows
from end to end the banks of a deep
river, which has its source near by.
Beautiful sheep, whose fleece is of
the hue of gold, feed there at pleas-
ure and unguarded. You will go
thither instantly, and procure, by
whatsoever means, a bit of their
priceless fleece and bring it to me.
Such is my will.”

Psyche hastened from her pres-
ence, not to obey her behest, but to
hurl herself against the rocks in the
stream, and thus secure rest from
her sufferings. But, from the bosom
of the stream itself, a green Reed, in



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dulcis auræ divinitus inspirata, sic
vaticinatur Arundo viridis: "Psyche,
tantis ærumnis exercita, neque tua
miserrima morte meas sanctas aquas
polluas, nec vero contra formidabiles
oves istius oræ feras aditum; quoad
de solis flagrantia mutuatæ calorem,
truci rabie solent efferri, cornuque
acuto, et fronte saxeæ, et nonnun-
quam venenatis morsibus in exitium
sævire mortalium. Sed dum meridies
solis sedaverit vaporem, et pecua
spiritus fluvialis serenitate conquie-
verint, poteris sub illa procerissima

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a sweet, melodious voice, breathed forth, as by divine inspiration, these grateful words of favorable augury :

“O Psyche, whom so many trials have beset, mar not the purity of my waves by your unhappy death ; nor, on the other hand, go near the redoubtable sheep which feed on yonder bank. When the blazing sun has imparted its heat to them, a brutal frenzy ordinarily inflames them ; and with their sharp horns, their adamant foreheads, sometimes with their poisoned fangs, they inflict a horrible death on mortals. But when midday has passed, and the sun’s rays are less ardent, and the cool breezes from the river have calmed the passions of those beasts, then you may, without

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platano, quæ mecum simul unum fluentum bibit, latenter te abscondere: et, cum primum mitigata furia laxaverint oves animum, percussis frondibus attigui nemoris, lanosum aurum reperies, quod passim stirpibus connexum obhærescit." Sic Arundo simplex et humana Psychen ægerrimam salutem suam docebat. Nec auscultatu pœnitendo diligenter instructa illa cessavit; sed observatis omnibus, furatrina facili, flaventis auri mollitie congestum gremium Veneri reportat.

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fear of being seen, hide beneath
yonder tall plane-tree which is nour-
ished by the same current which
gives me life. And, as soon as the
sheep, their frenzy appeased, begin
to seek repose, by shaking the leaves
of the trees near by, you will find
bits of the golden fleece adhering to
the branches on all sides."—Thus
did the sincere and kindly Reed
point out to the wretched Psyche
the means of ensuring her safety.
Provided with these instructions, of
which she was in sore need, she
overcame her discouragement: she
obeyed the Reed in every point,
easily procured some tufts of the
silky, golden fleece, filled her bosom
with them, and carried them to Venus.

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Nec tamen apud dominam saltem secundi laboris periculum secundum testimonium meruit; sed contortis superciliis subridens amarum, sic inquit: "Nec me præterit huius quoque facti auctor adulterinus. Sed iam nunc ego sedulo periclitabor, an oppido forti animo singularique prudentia sis prædita. Videsne insistentem celsissimæ illi rupi montis ardui verticem, de quo fontis atri fuscae defluunt undæ, proximæque conceptaculo vallis inclusæ Stygias irrigant paludes, et rauca Cocyti fluenta nutriunt? Indidem mihi de summi fontis penita scaturigine rorem

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But the result of this second test did not accord with Psyche's longing, nor did it win for her an approving word. Venus knit her brows, and, smiling bitterly, she said: "Again I detect the hand of a treacherous adviser. But now I propose to find out, once for all, whether you possess real strength of character and prudence deserving of praise. See you a beetling cliff on the summit of yonder lofty mountain? Thence issues, in black waves, a gloomy stream which flows down into a neighboring valley, to empty into the swamps of the Styx and feed the hoarse currents of the Cocytus. Very good; you will climb to the highest point, you will go to the spot where the spring gushes from

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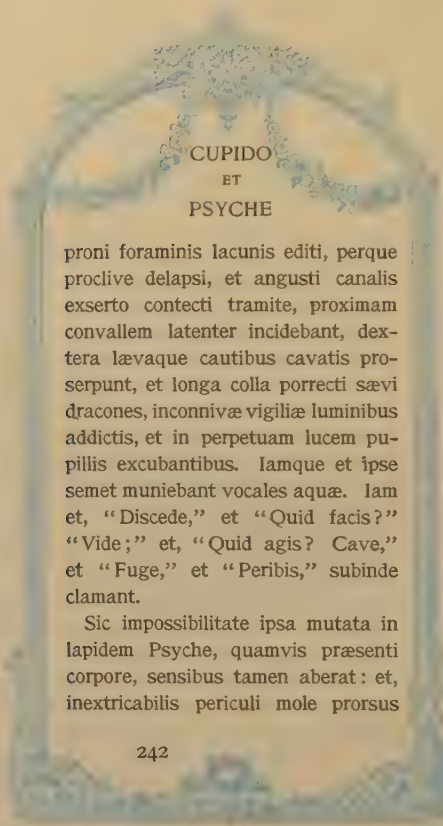
rigentem hauritum ista confestim deferto urnula." Sic aiens, crystallo dedolatum vasculum, insuper ei graviora comminata, tradidit.

At illa studiose gradum celerans, montis extremum petit tumulum; certe vel illic inventura vitæ pessimæ finem. Sed cum primum prædicti iugi conterminos locos appulit, videt rei vastæ letalem difficultatem. Namque saxum immani magnitudine procerum, et inaccessa salebritate lubricum, mediis e faucibus lapidis fontes horridos evomebat : qui statim

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the earth, you will fill this little phial with the icy water, and bring it back to me forthwith." With that, she gave her a phial of polished crystal, threatening her with the most awful punishment in case of failure.

But Psyche, filled with zeal, hastened with swift feet to the highest peak of the mountain, to find there the end of her wretched existence, if nothing else. But no sooner did she approach the designated cliff than she realized the immensity of the task and the murderous obstacles in the way. In truth, the cliff rose to a giddy height: no one could climb it, it was so steep and slippery; and from its precipitous side the terrible stream gushed forth. Once clear of



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proni foraminis lacunis editi, perque proclive delapsi, et angusti canalis exserto contacti tramite, proximam convallem latenter incidebant, dextera lævaque cautibus cavatis prosperpunt, et longa colla porrecti sævi dracones, inconnivæ vigiliæ luminibus addictis, et in perpetuam lucem pupillis excubantibus. Iamque et ipse semet muniebant vocales aquæ. Iam et, "Discede," et "Quid facis?" "Vide;" et, "Quid agis? Cave," et "Fuge," et "Peribis," subinde clamant.

Sic impossibilitate ipsa mutata in lapidem Psyche, quamvis præsentī corpore, sensibus tamen aberat: et, inextricabilis periculi mole prorsus

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the crevasses, it flowed down the steep slope, confined in a narrow channel, and plunged into the valley below. In the recesses of the cliff, to right and left, she saw fierce dragons, with craning necks and ever-open eyes, vigilant sentinels, whose tireless gaze was never veiled from the light. And the very water, gifted with speech, itself forbade approach, exclaiming ceaselessly: "Begone! What do you? whither go you? Beware! Fly! You are in deadly peril!"

The impossibility of success had turned Psyche herself to stone. Her body was there, but consciousness had fled; crushed by the weight of the danger which she could not avert,

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obruta, lacrymarum etiam extremo
solatio carebat, nec providentiæ bonæ
graves oculos innocentis animæ latuit
ærumna. Nam supremi Iovis regalis
ales illa, repente, propansis utrimque
pinnis, affuit rapax aquila: memor-
que veteris obsequii, quo ductu Cu-
pidinis Iovi pocillatorem Phrygium
sustulerat, opportunam ferens opem,
deique numen in uxoris laboribus
percolens, alti culminis Diales vias
deserit. Et ob os puellæ prævolans,
incipit: "At tu simplex alioquin et
expers rerum talium, sperasne te
sanctissimi nec minus truculenti fontis

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she had not even the last consolation of shedding tears. The suffering of that innocent soul did not escape the potent eye of a merciful Providence; for, of a sudden, omnipotent Jove's royal bird spread his wings and flew to her side. He remembered that, in days gone by, he had, in obedience to his master, and guided by Cupid, carried off a young Phrygian destined to be the god's cup-bearer, and he determined, by intervening at an opportune moment, to succor Cupid's spouse. From the empyrean vault, he descended to earth and flew about before the maiden's eyes. "Simple creature that you are," he said, "and unwonted to such tests, think you that you can steal a single drop from

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vel unam stillam posse furari, vel omnino contingere? Diis etiam, ipsique Iovi formidabiles aquas istas Stygias vel fando comperisti? quodque vos deieratis per numina deorum, deos per Styges maiestatem solere? Sed cedo istam urnulam." Et protinus arreptam, completamque festinanter, libratisque pinnarum nutantium molibus, inter genas sævientium dentium, et trisulca vibramina draconum, remigium dextera lævaque porrigens, violentes aquas, et ut abiret innoxius præminantes, excipit: commenta, ob iussum Veneris petere, eique se præministrare. Quare paulo facilius adeundi fuit copia.

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that awful, aye, consecrated, stream?
Do you hope even to draw near to
it? Have you not heard it said
that the gods, even Jove himself,
fear these waters of the Styx, and
that the oaths which mortals swear
by the might of the gods, the gods
are wont to swear by the majesty of
the Styx? Give me your phial."—He
seized it, and, swaying his heavy
wings like oars, he passed through
the midst of those dragons with
their jaws lined with savage teeth
and triple-forked tongues. When the
angry waves threateningly bade him
be gone and commit no sacrilege, he
told them a fable, saying that he had
come by Venus's command, and thus
obtained readier access to the stream.

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Sic acceptam cum gaudio plenam
urnulam Psyche Veneri citata retulit.
Nec tamen nutum deæ sævientis vel
tunc expiare potuit. Nam sic eam,
maiora atque peiora flagitia commi-
nans, appellat renidens exitiabile:
“Iam tu quidem videris maga quæ-
dam mihi et alte prorsus malefica,
quæ talibus præceptis meis obtem-
perasti gnaviter. Sed adhuc istud,
mea pupula, ministrare debebis. Sume
istam pyxidem (et dedit protinus), et
usque ad Inferos et ipsius Orci ferales
penates te dirige. Tunc conferens
pyxidem Proserpinæ, ‘Petit de te
Venus,’ dicito, ‘modicum de tua mittas
ei formositate, vel ad unam saltem
dieculam sufficiens. Nam quod habuit,
dum filium curat ægrotum, consumpsit

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Psyche, joyfully taking the full phial, made haste to carry it to Venus; and yet, even then, she was unable to appease the implacable goddess's wrath, who addressed her thus, with an infernal smile: "I see that you are a sorceress, versed in the science of maleficent deeds, since you have obeyed my commands so speedily. But listen, my love, to that which you must still do for me. Take this box, and hie you to Hades, to the darksome abode of Orcus himself. Then do you present the box to Proserpine, and say: 'Venus begs thee to send her a little of thy beauty, though it were only enough to supply her for a single day; for what beauty she once had she has ruined

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atque contrivit omne.' Sed haud immaturius redito, quia me necesse est indidem delibutam, theatrum deorum frequentare."

Tunc Psyche vel maxime sensit ultimas fortunas suas: et velamento reiecto, ad promptum exitium sese compelli manifeste comperit. Quidni? quæ suis pedibus ultro ad Tartarum Manesque demeare cogeretur. Nec cunctata diutius, pergit ad quampiam turrim præaltam, indidem se datura præcipitem. Sic enim rebatur vel ad Inferos recta atque pulcherrime se posse descendere; sed turris prorupit

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by nursing her sick son.'—Lose no time in returning: I must needs be bedecked and perfumed before attending a theatrical performance among the gods."

Thereupon, Psyche felt more assured than ever that her destiny was approaching its term; and, casting aside all illusions, she realized that this time she was sent forth to speedy death. How could she doubt it, since she was compelled to go on her own feet to Tartarus and to the Shades? Without hesitation, she bent her steps toward the first high tower that she saw, intending to throw herself from its summit. Was not that the surest path to Hades? But, of a sudden, the Tower uttered these words:

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in vocem subitam, et, "Quid te," inquit, "præcipit, misella, quæris extinguere? quidque iam novissimo periculo, laborique isto temere succumbis? Nam, si spiritus corpore tuo semel fuerit seiugatus, ibis quidem profecto ad imum Tartarum, sed inde nullo pacto redire poteris. Mihi ausculta. Lacedæmon Achaïæ nobilis civitas non longe sita est. Huius conterminam, deviis abditam locis, quære Tænarum. Inibi spiraculum Ditis, et per portas hiantes monstratur iter invium: cuius te limite transmeato viæ simul commiseris, iam canale directo perges ad ipsam Orci regiam. Sed non hactenus vacua debebis per illas tenebras incedere,

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“Why seek death, poor child? Why give up the ghost, without reflection, in face of this last danger and this new test? If your soul be parted from your body, you will go, 'tis true, to the lowest depths of Tartarus, but it will be impossible for you to return thence. Hark ye: Lacedæmon, a noble city of Achaia, is not far away; Tenarus is close at hand, concealed amid paths known to but few. Go thither: it is an air-hole of the abode of Pluto, and its yawning gateway discloses to the eye a road, trodden by no mortal foot. When you have entered upon that road, it will lead you in a straight line to Orcus's palace. But, above all things, go not empty-handed to that abode of

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sed offas polentæ mulso concretas
ambabus gestare manibus, at etiam
in ipso ora duas ferre stipes. Iamque
confecta bona parte mortiferæ viæ,
continuaberis claudum asinum ligno-
rum gerulum, cum agasone simili:
qui te rogabit decidenti sarcinæ
fusticulos aliquos porrigas ei. Sed
tu nulla voce deprompta, tacita præ-
terito. Nec mora, cum ad flumen
mortuum venies, cui præfectus Cha-
ron protinus expetens portorium, sic
ad ripam ulteriorem sutili cymba de-
ducit commeantes. Ergo et inter
mortuos avaritia vivit! Nec Charon
ille, Ditis et pater, tantus deus,
quidquam gratuito facit; et pauper

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

darkness. Bear in each hand cakes of barley-flour kneaded with honey, and also have two pieces of money in your mouth. Furthermore, when you have travelled some distance, you will meet a lame ass, laden with fagots, and his driver, also lame. He will ask you to pick up some twigs that have fallen from his load: answer not a single word, but pass on without opening your mouth. Soon you will reach the river of the dead. Charon, first of all, demands pay for his service, and on no other condition will he ferry passengers across in his patched boat.—(It seems that Avarice survives even among the dead; for neither the dread ferryman nor the great Pluto gives aught for naught!

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

moriens viaticum debet quærere; et, æs si forte præ manu non fuerit, nemo eum expirare patietur? Huic squalido seni dabis nauli nomine de stipibus, quas feres, alteram: sic tamen, ut ipse sua manu de tuo sumat ore. Nec secius tibi pigrum fluentum transmeanti, quidam supernatans senex mortuus, putres attollens manus, orabit, ut eum intra navigium trahas, nec tu tamen illicita afflectare pietate. Transito fluvio, modicum te progressam textrices orabunt anus, telam struentes, manus paulisper accommodes. Nec id tamen tibi contingere fas est. Nam hæc omnia tibi et multa alia de Veneris insidiis

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

So that the poor man, before dying, must procure the money for his passage, and if he has not his piece of silver in his hand, he will not be allowed to render up his soul.)—To that hideous man you will give, by way of ferriage, one of your coins; but he must himself take it from your mouth. Nor is this all: while you are floating over the sluggish stream, a dead old man, drifting on the surface, will raise his putrefied hands and implore you to lift him into the boat. Be not moved to pity! The river crossed, old spinning-women weaving linen will beg you to lend them a hand. Be not persuaded to touch their work; for this is but one of many snares which the watchful

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PSYCHE

orientur, ut vel unam de manibus
omittas offulam. Nec putes futile is-
tud polentarium damnum leve. Altera
enim perditā, lux hæc tibi prorsus
denegabitur. Canis namque per-
grandis triiugo et satis amplo capite
præditus, immanis et formidabilis,
conantibus oblatrans faucibus, mor-
tuos, quibus iam nil mali potest
facere, frustra territando, ante ipsum
limen et atra atria Proserpinæ sem-
per excubans, servat vacuam Ditis
domum. Hunc offrenatum unius of-
fulæ præda facile præteribis: ad
ipsamque protinus Proserpinam in-
troibis: quæ te comiter excipiet, ac

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AND
PSYCHE

Venus will lay, to cause you to drop at least one of the cakes. Now, do not believe that the loss of those little dainties is a matter of no consequence. If you should lose one of them, the light of day would be forever denied you. For in due time you will see a huge dog, with three enormous heads, a monstrous and horrific creature, who, with his savage barking, fruitlessly terrifies the dead, whom he cannot injure. A vigilant sentinel, stationed at Proserpine's very threshold, he stands guard over Pluto's silent abode. You will appease his ferocity by tossing him one of your cakes. Then you will go straight to Proserpine, who will receive you kindly, in so far that she

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benigne; ut et molliter assidere, et prandium opipare suadeat sumere. Sed tu et humi reside, et panem sordidum petiturus esto: deinde nuntiatus, quid adveneris, susceptoque, quod offeretur, rursus remeans, canis sævitiam offula reliqua redime: ac deinde avaro navitæ, data, quam reservaveras stipem, transitoque eius fluvio, recalcans priora vestigia, ad istum cœlestium siderum redies chorum. Sed inter omnia hoc observandum præcipue tibi censeo, ne velis aperire vel inspicere illam, quam feres, pyxidem, vel omnino formositatis divinæ abditum curiosius thesaurum." Sic turris illa prospicua vaticinationis munus explicuit.

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PSYCHE

will urge you to take a comfortable seat and partake of an excellent repast; but you must seat yourself on the floor, and ask for black bread only. Deliver your message, and, having taken what is given you, retrace your steps. Toss the second cake to the dog, give the second coin to the ferryman, and, following the same road as before, you will soon return to the light of day. But of all the counsels I give you, I commend this one to your most particular attention: yield not to the desire to open or to look upon the box you bear, that treasure-chest of divine beauty, concealed with the utmost care."—Thus did the prophetic Tower utter its admonitions.

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

Nec morata Psyche, pergit Tænarum : sumptisque rite stipibus illis et offulis, infernum decurrit meatum : transitoque per silentium asinario debili, et amnica stipe vectori data, neglecto supernatantis mortui desiderio, et spretis textricum subdolis precibus, et offulæ cibo sopita canis horrendi rabie, domum Proserpinæ penetrat. Nec offerentis hospitæ sedile delicatum, vel cibum beatum amplexa ; sed ante pedes eius residens humilis, cibario pane contenta, Veneram pertulit legationem. Statimque

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PSYCHE

Without delay, Psyche set out for Tenarus. She omitted not to take the two pieces of silver and the two cakes, and she swiftly descended the path to the Shades. She passed in utter silence the lame ass-driver, and gave the ferryman his toll. She paid no heed to the entreaties of the floating corpse; she scorned the insidious prayers of the spinners; with a cake she calmed the wrath of the terrible dog; at last, she entered Proserpine's dwelling. Welcoming her hospitably, the goddess offered her a luxurious chair and a toothsome repast; she accepted nothing; but, seating herself on the floor at her feet, content with a crust of bread, she delivered Venus's message. The box,

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PSYCHE

secreto repletam conclusamque pyxidem suscipit, et offulæ sequentis fraude caninis latratibus obseratis, residuaque navitæ reddita stipe, longe vegetior ab Inferis recurrit. Et repetita atque adorata candida ista luce, quamquam festinans obsequium terminare, mente capitur temeraria curiositate. "Et ecce," inquit, "inepta ego divinæ formositatis gerula, quæ ne tantillum quidem indidem mihi delibo, vel sic illi amatori meo formoso placitura." Et cum dicto reserat pyxidem. Nec quidquam ibi rerum, nec formositas ulla,

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mysteriously filled and securely closed, was placed in her hands. Her last cake given to the dog, her last coin to the ferryman, she went forth unharmed from the infernal regions. But when she saw once more, with intense joy, the white light of day, albeit anxious to complete her task, rash curiosity took possession of her mind.—“Here am I, forsooth,” she said to herself, “in possession of the beauty of the goddesses; and shall I be so foolish as not to purloin ever so little of it for myself? Perhaps it will afford me the means of pleasing him whom I adore.”—With these words, she opened the casket; there was absolutely nothing within in the way of beauty; but no sooner had she raised

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sed infernus somnus ac vere stygius ;
qui statim cooperculo revelatus, invadit eam, crassaque soporis nebula cunctis eius membris perfunditur, et in ipso vestigio ipsaque semita collapsam possidet ; et iacebat immobilis, et nihil aliud quam dormiens cadaver.

— Sed Cupido iam cicatrice solida re-
valescens, nec diutinam suæ Psyches
absentiam tolerans, per artissimam
cubiculi, quo cohibebatur, elapsus
fenestram, reffectisque pinnis ali-
quanta quiete, longe velocius pro-
volans, Psychen accurrit suam :
detersoque somno curiose, et rursum

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the lid than there poured forth a lethargic vapor, a true Stygian sleep, which overcame her, diffused a dense and deadening numbness through her whole frame, and stretched her at full length and motionless upon the road; and there she lay, nothing more than a sleeping corpse.

But Cupid, his wound being fully healed, had recovered his strength; and, unable to endure Psyche's prolonged absence, he escaped through the narrow window of the room in which he was confined. On his wings, strengthened by the long rest, he flew away, as the crow flies, to his sweetheart's side. He hastened to set her free from the soporific influence, and to confine Sleep anew in

CUPIDO

ET

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in pristinam pyxidis sedem recondito,
Psychen innoxio punctulo suæ sagittæ suscitât, et, "Ecce," inquit,
"rursum perieras, misella, simili curiositate. Sed interim quidem tu provinciam, quæ tibi matris meæ præcepto mandata est, exsequere gnaviter: cetera egomet videro." His dictis, amator levis in pinnas se dedit; Psyche vero confestim Veneri munus reportat Proserpinæ.

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PSYCHE

the casket where it formerly dwelt ;
then, by brushing Psyche's cheek
with one of his arrows, taking care
not to hurt her, he aroused her.

"So, unhappy child," he said,
"once more your curiosity had nearly
caused your destruction ! but waste
no time, execute promptly the mission
which my mother entrusted to you ;
for the rest, I myself will look to
it."—With that, the winged lover
took flight, and Psyche straightway
delivered Proserpine's gift to Venus.



VIII

Interea Cupido amore nimio peresus, et ægra facie matris suæ repentinam Sobrietatem pertimescens, ad armile redit: alisque pernicious cæli penetrato vertice, magno Iovi supplicat, suamque causam probat. Tunc



VIII

Meanwhile, Cupid, devoured by overmastering passion, and fearing, by reason of his mother's wrathful air, lest he should be of a sudden delivered over to Sobriety, had recourse to his usual weapons. He flew swiftly up to the great vault of heaven, appealed to mighty Jove, and pleaded his cause before him. Then

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

Iupiter, perpreſa Cupidinis buccula,
manuque ad os ſuum relata, con-
ſaviat, atque ſic ad illum: "Licet
tu," inquit, "domine fili, nunquam
mihi conceſſu deum decretum ſervaris
honorem: ſed iſtud pectus meum, quo
leges elementorum et vices ſiderum
diſponuntur, convulneraris aſſidu-
iſ ictibus, crebrisque terrenæ libidinis
fœdaveris caſibus, contraque leges,
et ipſam Iuliam, diſciplinamque pub-
licam turpibus adulteriis exiſtima-
tionem famamque meam læſeris, in

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PSYCHE

did Jove take Cupid's soft cheeks in his hand and draw them to his mouth to kiss, and say to him: "Well do you know, my noble son, that you have never respected the prerogatives which are accorded to me by the consent of the gods: this heart, wherein the laws that govern the elements and the revolutions of the planets are conceived, you ceaselessly wound with your darts, and degrade it by amorous intrigues on earth, contrary to the laws, the Julian edict in especial, and to public morals. You lead me into shameful debauchery, wherein my honor and my good name are endangered. You compel me to undergo metamorphoses no less debasing than unworthy of my august person; you

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

serpentes, in ignes, in feras, in aves
et gregalia pecua serenos vultus
meos sordide reformando; attamen
modestiae meae memor, quodque inter
istas meas manus creveris, cuncta
perficiam: dum tamen scias aemulos
tuos cavere: ac, si qua nunc in terris
puella praepollet pulchritudine, praesentis beneficii vicem per eam mihi
repensare te debere."

Sic fatus, iubet Mercurium deos
omnes ad concionem protinus con-
vocare, ac, si qui coetu caelestium
defuisset, in poenam decem millium
nummum conventum iri pronuntiare.
Quo metu statim completo caelesti

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transform me into a serpent, a bird, a wild beast, a bull, a flame. However, I will remember that I am of a kindly nature, that you grew up in my arms, and I will grant you all you wish; but on condition that you fail not to be on your guard against rivals, and that if there happen to be some wonderful beauty on earth just now, you shall pay me with her for my present indulgence."

Having spoken thus, he bade Mercury summon all the gods forthwith to a conference, and declare that if any one of the Immortals should fail to attend, he would be liable to a fine of ten thousand pieces of silver. Thanks to this threat, the celestial amphitheatre was soon filled; and

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theatro, pro sede sublimi sedens
procerus Iupiter, sic enuntiat: "Dei
conscripti Musarum albo, adoles-
centem istum, quod manibus meis
alumnatus sim, profecto scitis omnes:
cuius primæ iuventutis caloratos
impetus freno quodam coercendos
existimavi. Sat est quotidianis eum
fabulis ob adulteria cunctasque cor-
ruptelas infamatum. Tollenda est
omnis occasio, et luxuria puerilis
nuptialibus pedicis religanda. Puel-
lam elegit, et virginitate privavit:
teneat, possideat, amplexus Psychen

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Jupiter, seated on his lofty throne, addressed them in these words : " Ye conscript gods, whose names appear on the roll of the Muses, doubtless ye all know that this stripling was reared by my hands. In his early youth, he displayed impetuous impulses, wherefore I deemed it my duty to curb and restrain him. Now, he has been the daily talk of the whole world long enough, and provoked blame by his adulteries and his misconduct of all sorts. I propose to leave him no longer the slightest opportunity to offend ; I propose to enchain him by the laws of Hymen. He has chosen a maid, whom he has deflowered. Let her be his, let him keep her ; let him marry Psyche, and

CUPIDO

ET

PSYCHE

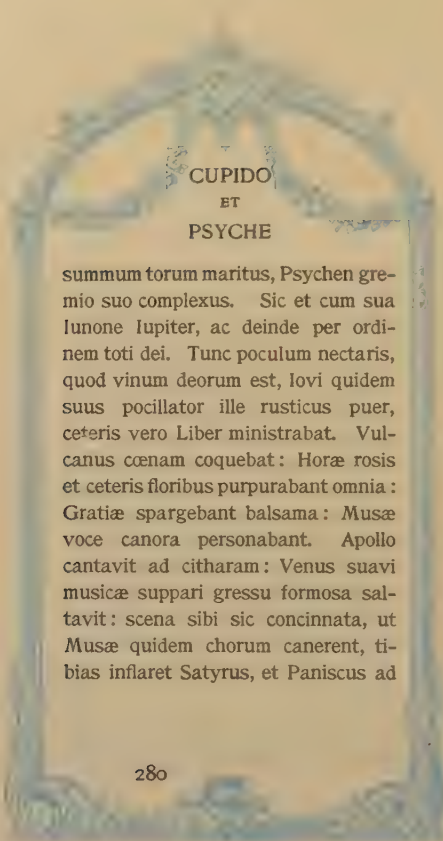
semper suis amoribus perfruatur.”
Et ad Venerem collata facie, “Nec
tu,” inquit, “filia, quidquam con-
tristare: nec prosapiæ tantæ tuæ,
statuique de matrimonio mortali me-
tuas. Iam faxo nuptias non impares,
sed legitimas, et iure civili congruas.”
Et illico per Mercurium arripi Psychen,
et in cœlum perducere iubet. Porrecto
ambrosiæ poculo, “Sume,” inquit,
“Psyche, et immortalis esto: nec
unquam digredietur a tuo nexu Cu-
pido, sed istæ vobis erunt perpetuæ
nuptiæ.”

Nec mora cum cœna nuptia-
lis affluens exhibetur. Accumbebat

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enjoy her affection forever.”—Turning then to Venus, he added: “And you, my child, do not be cast down. Fear naught for the exalted nobility of your family; here is no question of a mortal alliance; the marriage will be neither ill-assorted nor unlawful; your rights shall be secured therein; I will look to it.” Thereupon, he bade Mercury go and bring Psyche up to heaven. Offering her a goblet of ambrosia, he said: “Take this, Psyche, and become immortal. Cupid will never free himself from the bonds which bind him to you; I unite you, here and now, forever by the marriage tie.”

Instantly a magnificent nuptial feast appeared. Upon the couch of honor

A decorative arch frame with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns, enclosing the title and text.

CUPIDO

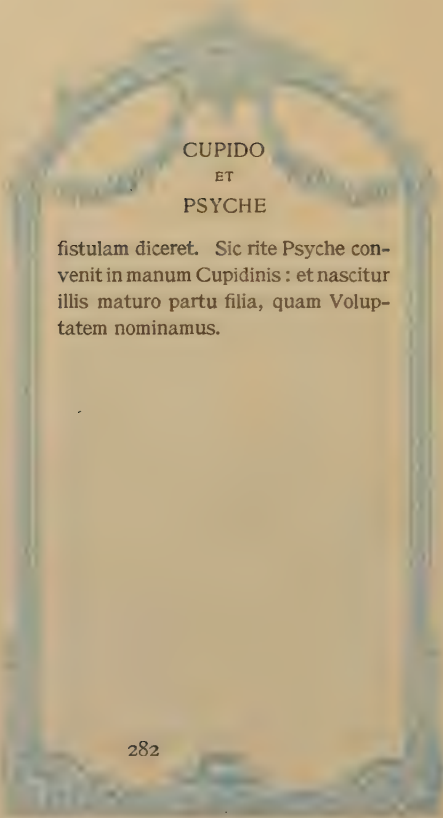
ET

PSYCHE

summum torum maritus, Psychen gremio suo complexus. Sic et cum sua Iunone Iupiter, ac deinde per ordinem toti dei. Tunc poculum nectaris, quod vinum deorum est, Iovi quidem suus pocillator ille rusticus puer, ceteris vero Liber ministrabat. Vulcanus cœnam coquebat: Horæ rosis et ceteris floribus purpurabant omnia: Gratiae spargebant balsama: Musæ voce canora personabant. Apollo cantavit ad citharam: Venus suavi musicæ suppari gressu formosa saltavit: scena sibi sic concinnata, ut Musæ quidem chorum canerent, tibias inflaret Satyrus, et Paniscus ad

CUPID
AND
PSYCHE

lay the husband, holding Psyche in his arms; next below them, Jupiter reclined with his Juno; then all the gods and goddesses, in their order. Ere long, the nectar, the wine of the gods, passed from hand to hand. The young shepherd, his cup-bearer, handed the cup to Jupiter; the other gods were served by Bacchus. Vulcan presided at the ovens; the Hours bedecked everything with roses and other flowers; the Graces sprinkled balsam; the Muses raised their melodious voices. Apollo touched the strings of his zither; Venus danced gracefully to the soft rhythm, having thus formed her orchestra: the Muses sang in chorus, a Satyr played the flute, and a pupil of Pan



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fistulam diceret. Sic rite Psyche convenit in manum Cupidinis : et nascitur illis maturo partu filia, quam Voluptatem nominamus.

CUPID
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PSYCHE

accompanied with the pipes. Thus did Psyche pass lawfully under the dominion of Cupid; and, after nine months, a daughter was born to them, whom we call PLEASURE.



BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

EDITIONS OF APULEIUS

The first edition of Apuleius was printed at Rome in 1469, at the command of Cardinal Bessarion, and under the superintendence of J. André, Bishop of Aleria. It appeared under this title :

Apuleius (Lucius) Metamorphoseos liber, ac nonnulla alia opuscula ejusdem; nec non epitoma Alcinoi in disciplinarum Platonis (librum). Anno M CCCC LXIX. Romæ, per Conradum Swegnheym et Arnoldum Pannartz, in domo Petri de Maximo.

NOTE

Copies of this folio volume are very rare. The Imperial Library at Vienna has one on vellum, originally at the library of San Marco, Venice. There is another copy at the University of Leyden. A third brought 1520 francs at the La Vallière sale. This edition has the merit of presenting a text exempt from the random emendations suggested by most of those which have appeared since.

The book at once became very popular, and was reprinted in almost all the large cities of Italy and of the rest of Europe. We mention a few of the most important editions.

*Apuleii Lucii opera, cum epistola
dedicatoria Joannis Andreæ, episcopi
Aleriensis, ad Paulum II. Vicentiæ,*

NOTE

per Henricum de Sancto, Urso, 1488.
—Folio.

*Apuleii, etc., Venetiis, per Philip-
pum Penzium, 1493.*—Folio.

*Apuleii Metamorphoseos libri XI
et alia opuscula, cura Mariani Tuccii.*
Florentiæ, Ph. de Giunta, 1512.—8vo.

One of the first editions bearing
the lily, the device of the Giunti. It
has been sold for 11 florins by Meer-
man.

*Apuleii Asinus Aureus, cum com-
mentariis Ph. Beroaldi. Impressum*
Lutetiæ, expensis Ludovici Horken et
Gottfredi Hittorpii, industria vero
Johannis Philippi, 1512.—Folio.

A valued edition, of which there is
a vellum copy at the Moulins Library.
Beroaldus's commentary, with the text

NOTE

of Apuleius added, had previously appeared at Bologna under this title :

Commentarii a Ph. Beroaldo conditi in Asinum Aureum L. Apuleii. Bononiæ, Bened. Hectoris, 1500.—Folio.

It was republished at Venice in the following year, and several times thereafter.

Apuleii Lucii Metamorphoseos, sive Lusus asini libri XI, Floridorum IV, de deo Socratis I, etc., cum isagogico libro Platonicæ philosophiæ, per Alcinoium, græce. Venetiis, in ædibus Aldi et Andreæ soceri, 1521.—Small 8vo.

Fine copies of this Aldus are rare ; one was sold by Meerman for 75 francs. The Greek text of Alcinoïus, which occupies the last twenty-seven

NOTE

pages of the volume, is sometimes found by itself.

Apuleii opera, etc., a Bernard. Philomath: Florentiæ, 1522.—8vo.

Apuleii opera, etc., Basileæ, apud Henricum Petrum, 1533 et 1560.—Three volumes, 8vo.

There was still another noteworthy edition of Apuleius, in the sixteenth century, published at Lyon by Jean Louveau, 1558-1580.—16mo.

The following are the principal editions issued during the seventeenth century:

Apuleii opera omnia, cum Phil. Beroaldi, Stewechii et aliorum notis; ex edit. J. Casanboni, Lugduni, Ant. de Harsi, 1614.—Two volumes, 8vo.
This edition is highly prized.

NOTE

Another appeared at Paris in 1648 (octavo), with plates by Michel Lasne: *Apuleii (L.) Metamorphoseos libri XI, cum notis et amplissimo indice Jo. Pricæi; accessit ejusdem index alphabeticus scriptorum qui in Hesichii græco vocabulario laudantur. Goudæ, Van der Hæve, 1650. Engraved Frontispiece.*—It formed a part of the *variorum* collection. Although quite common, it has sold as high as 60 and even 75 francs at some sales.

Apuleii opera, interpretatione et notis illustravit Julianus Floridus, in usum Delphini. Parisiis, 1688.—Two volumes, 4to. One of the best of this collection; it brought 60 francs at the Larcher sale.

NOTE

During the eighteenth century, we find but four editions worthy of note :

Apuleii opera—*Altenburgi*, 1778-1780.—Two dainty duodecimo volumes, with a collection of variant readings.

Apuleii opera omnia, cum notis integris P. Colvii, J. Woweri, Godeschalci, Stewechii, Everhati Elmenhorstii et aliorum, imprimis cum animadversionibus ineditis Fr. Ouden-dorpii. Lugduni, Batavorum, Luchtmans, 1786-1823.—Three volumes, 4to.

This Leyden edition of the works of Apuleius is the best and most complete. The first volume, which contains the *Golden Ass*, is enriched

NOTE

by a learned preface by D. Ruhnkenius. We owe to Jean Bosscha the long-delayed publication of Volumes II and III.

Apuleii opera—*Strasbourg et Deux-Ponts*, Treuttel and Wurtz, 1788.—Two volumes, folio.

Apuleii Metamorphoseon libri XI. Paris, Renouard, 1796.—Three volumes, 18mo.

The two most important editions of the text of Apuleius published since the beginning of the nineteenth century are, first, that of Valpy (London, six volumes, 8vo.), which forms part of the collection of Latin Classics *in usum Delphini* issued by that English publisher.—The French littérateur, Philarrète Chasles, then employed by that

NOTE

house, superintended this edition.—
And, secondly, that of Leipzig, which
appeared under this title :

*Apuleii opera omnia commentariis
illustravit, prolegomenis et indicibus
instruxit G. Fr. Hildebrand. Lipsiæ,
sumptibus C. Knoblochii, 1842.*—Two
volumes, 8vo. It is less highly es-
teemed than the Leyden edition.

SPECIAL EDITIONS OF THE EPI- SODE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE

The fable of Psyche has been
printed separately many times. The
two most noteworthy editions of this
pretty tale are the following :

*Psyches et Cupidinis Amores, ex Apu-
leio. T. Petronii matrona Ephesiaca.*

NOTE

Paris, Renouard, 1796.—18mo. Illustrated by Coigny.

Only a hundred copies of this work were printed, several on Holland paper, four on rose paper, and one on vellum. The latter, enlarged to duodecimo size, with eighteen original drawings by Coigny, and engravings by Moreau, has sold for 120 francs.

Fabula de Psyche et Cupidine; recensuit et edidit J. C. Orellius. Turici, 1833.—8vo.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

The first English translation of Apuleius was made by W. Adlington and published by H. Wykes in 1566, in quarto. It was reprinted at London in 1571.

NOTE

One of the best known versions is that of Thomas Taylor: *The Metamorphoses, or Golden Ass*, and *Philosophical Works*. London, 1822.—8vo. It sells for \$2.00, and even more, on large paper. A copy, sumptuously bound, brought \$25.00 at the French sale (Boston) in April, 1901.

FRENCH TRANSLATIONS

The French translations and imitations are very numerous, and it is possible to mention only a few of them.

Lucius Apuleius de l'asne doré, autrement dit de la couronne Cérès, contenant maintes belles histoires, etc., traduit de latin en françois, par Guillaume Michel, dit de Tours. 1517, Paris, veuve de Jehan Janot, rue Neuve

NOTE

Notre-Dame, à l'enseigne de Saint Jean Baptiste.—Gothic 4to, with illustrations on wood.

A small folio edition was published in the following year by Galliot du Pré, at the sign of La Gallée, Pont Notre-Dame. The publisher's privilege is dated July 5, 1518.

Métamorphose, autrement dit l'Ane doré de L. Apulée de Madaure, traduite du latin par George de la Bouthière, Autunois. Lyon, Jean de Tournes et Guil. Gazeau, 1553 et 1556.—16mo. With sixty-five engravings on wood, and a title-page bearing this motto: *Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris.*

Another translation, by J. Louveau, was published at Lyon in 1553, 1559,

NOTE

and 1580; and reproduced at Paris in 1570 and 1584 (by Claude Micard), 1586 and 1602.—16mo., with plates.

Apulée, l'Asne d'or, ou les Métamorphoses, œuvre de très-galant invention, de très-facétieuse lecture, et de singulière doctrine. Paris, L'Angelier, 1612.—12mo.

An edition not mentioned by Brunet. It is embellished by two copper-plates by Thomassin. According to Bayle, the translation, as in the following edition, is by J. de Montlyard, who, in a somewhat tedious preface, points out several errors of Jean Louveau.

Les Métamorphoses, ou l'Ane d'or de L. Apulée, philosophe platonique. Œuvre d'excellent invention et singulière doctrine. Traduit par J. de

NOTE

Montlyard. Paris, Samuel Thiboust, au Palais, en la galerie des Prisonniers, 1623, 1631, et 1633.—Regular 8vo., illustrations by Crispin de Pas.

A valued edition, a copy of which sold for 90 francs in 1857. Each plate represents one or more episodes of the romance. The artist has selected for illustration the most amusing scenes, such as the adventure with the wine-skins, etc. His inspiration is drawn not only from the work of Apúleius, but from the *fabliaux* of the Middle Ages. Whence a mixture of refinement and coarseness which does not lack charm and which makes the drawings truly original. It is to be regretted that some are overloaded,

NOTE

somewhat confused, and, in some cases, downright vulgar.

The Same.—Paris Edition, Nic. and J. de la Coste, 1648.—8vo., with illustrations by Crispin de Pas. Although the translation has been awkwardly retouched by various booksellers, the volume still commands a good sale.

Les Métamorphoses ou l'Ane d'or de L. Apulée, suivies du démon de Socrate. Traduit par l'abbé Compain de Saint-Martin. Paris, Brunet, 1707 and 1745.—Two volumes, 12mo., with illustrations. This was republished under the title of: *Les Métamorphoses, ou l'Ane d'or, Francfort et Leipzig, 1769.*—Two volumes, 8vo.

During the first Revolution, an extract from the above was published

NOTE

in two 18mo. volumes, under the title of *L'Ane au bouquet de roses*.

All the translations by Abbé Compain are inexact and expurgated.

Les Métamorphoses, en latin et en français, traduction de Compain de Saint-Martin, retouchée par J. Fr. Bastien. Paris, Bastien, 1787.—Two volumes, 8vo., with plates after Crispin de Pas. Sells for 12 to 15 francs.

L'Ane d'or d'Apulée, précédé du démon de Socrate, avec le latin en regard. Traduction de J.-A. Maury. Paris, Bastien, 1822.—Two volumes, 8vo., with forty-two illustrations; worth 15 to 16 francs.

The same translation, revised and corrected. Didier, 1834.—Two volumes, 8vo., with two plates.

NOTE

Apulée, traduction nouvelle par V. Bétolaud.—Four volumes, 8vo., 1835-1838; 28 francs. Part of the Panckoucke collection.

Petronius, Apuleius, Aulus Gellius.—Complete works, with French translation, published under the direction of M. Nisard. Dubochet, 1842.—8vo. Republished by Messrs. Didot, in their series of Latin authors; the translations are by Aulard and Savalète.

Apulée, œuvres complètes. Bétolaud translation, revised and corrected; Garnier Frères, two volumes, 18mo., 1861 and 1873.—In the *Bibliothèque Latin Française*.

Contes Merveilleux tirés d'Apulée; Hachette, 1853, 16mo.—*Bibliothèque des Chemins de fer*.

NOTE

L'Âne d'or, ou la Métamorphose, par Apulée.—Savalète's translation, with preface by J. Andrieux, and numerous engravings by Racinet and Bernard; Firmin Didot Frères, 1872.—8vo.

FRENCH TRANSLATIONS OF THE EPISODE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE

L'Amour de Cupido et Psychè, mère de Volupté, en vers italiens et français, par Jean Maugin, dit le petit Angevin. Paris, chez Jeanne de Marnef, veuve de Denis Janot, 1546.—16mo., with engravings on wood.—This volume bears the curious motto: *Nul ne s'y frotte*. At the end is inserted *The Lament of Vanquished Love*.

NOTE

This dainty little book, which is becoming very rare, is illustrated with charming vignettes, commonly attributed, perhaps without sufficient reason, to Bernard Salomon, called Petit Bernard, and said to be copies of the thirty-two plates engraved in part by Marcantonio, after designs attributed to Raphael, and published by Salamanca in a folio volume.—(See under the head of ENGRAVINGS.)

L'Amour de Cupido et de Psyché, mère de Volupté, prise des V. et VI. livres de la Métamorphose de L. Apuléeus, nouvellement historiée et exposée en vers français, par Jean Maugin, 1586.—Small 4to., with frontispiece and thirty-two plates engraved on

NOTE

copper by Léonard Galter, after Raphael: sold for 75 francs in 1857.

Du Verdier mentions, among the anonymous volumes under "A" in the Bibliothèque Française, *L'Adolescence Amoureuse de Cupido avec Psyché outre le vouloir de la déesse Vénus*, printed at Lyon by Fr. Juste, in 1536, which is doubtless nothing more than an extract from the fifth and sixth books of Apuleius.

Les Amours de Psyché et de Cupidon; a new translation, with notes. Rotterdam, 1734.—12mo., with illustrations.

Psyché et Cupidon, episode translated by Blanvillain. Paris, 1797.—8vo.

La Fable de Psyché, traduite en français par Breugière de Barante; an edition published under the direction

NOTE

of Girodet, by the painters Dubois and Marchais; Paris, H. Didot and J.-B. Fournier, 1802.—Large folio, with thirty-two plates after Marcantonio.

Breugière's translation first appeared in 1692-1695. The edition of 1802 is enriched by an excellent dissertation by Delaunay on the Psyche myth, which all those who have since discussed the same subject—Michaud, Larousse, etc.—have not failed to place under contribution.

Apulée. Les Amours de Psyché et de Cupidon, traduit par L.-M. Feuillet et publié par le peintre C.-P. Landon; Didot, 1809.—Large 4to. The same illustrations as in the previous edition, with the difference that they are accompanied by explanatory

NOTE

paragraphs.—(A detailed account of these illustrations is given under the head of ENGRAVINGS.)

A new edition of this volume appeared in 1861, with the imprint of Didot Frères, and sells at 30 francs.

L'Amour et Psyché; with twenty etchings drawn and engraved by Frellich; Hetzel, 1863.—Folio.

Psyché, traduit par Victor Davelay; 1873, Librairie des Bibliophiles.—32mo.

Apulée.—L'Amour et Psyché, gravures d'après Natpère. Paris, Quantin, 1878.—32mo.

TRANSLATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES

Apulegio volgare diviso in undeci libri, diligentemente correcto, con le

NOTE

sue fabule in margine poste, traducto per il conte Mattheo Maria Boiardo. In Venetia, per Nicolo d'Aristotele; 1518 and 1519.—8vo.

A rare edition, with a large number of illustrations on wood. It was republished at Venice, by Tacuino da Trino, in 1523, in a small octavo; and in the same city, in 1544 and 1549, by Bartholomeo detto l'Imperadore.

Another translation, by Agnolo Firenzuola, published at Venice by Gab. Giolito in 1550, in duodecimo, is highly prized. This translator has been praised for substituting a goodly number of his own adventures for those of the Lucius of old. Far from looking upon that method of translation as perfidious, the Italians have

NOTE

given Firenzuola the sobriquet of the Tuscan Apuleius. His translation was reissued at Florence in 1556, in a small octavo, with illustrations, and in 1598, in regular octavo, by the Giunti; and at Paris by Pissot in 1781, in octavo and quarto.

Psyché e Cupidon favola, fidelmente expressa in italiano per J.-F. Blavillain, Paris, 1799.—12mo.

There are two other versions of the *Golden Ass* in Italian, one by Jerome Parabosci (Venice, 1601, 4to.), and the other by Pompeo Visani (1607, 8vo.).

The oldest Spanish translation, attributed to Diego Lopez de Cortegana, Archdeacon of Seville, appeared in that city in 1513; in the shape of

NOTE

a Gothic folio of seventy-two leaves, with double columns, under the title :

Libro de Lucio Apuleio de l'Asno de oro.

A second translation, by Pedro Tován, was published in 1536 at Zamora by Tomaris; it was reissued in the same city in 1539.—Folio.

The later versions, having appeared after the publication of the *Index*, which prohibited translations of the *Golden Ass*, were necessarily expurgated and incomplete. The one that is best known is an octavo volume published at Madrid in 1605.

In German, we find, first of all, Nic. de Wyle's version: *Ein Hübsche History von L. Apuleius, in gestalt eines Esels verwandelt*.—Strassburg,

NOTE

Grüninger, 1499.—4to., with illustrations on wood.

Another translation, with illustrations on wood, appeared at Ulm in 1480; a third, at Augsburg in 1538 (both of the latter were folios), with seventy-nine wood engravings by Hans Schäufler, under this title:

Ain schön lieblich auch Kurtzweilig Gedichte Lucii Apuleii, von ainem gulden Esel. It was made by J. Sieder, who republished it at Frankfurt in 1605.

The version of Aug. Rode, one of the most common, forms two octavo volumes, and appeared at Dessau in 1783.

We must not omit to mention two Flemish translations, one published

NOTE

at Haarlem in 1636, the other at Antwerp in 1669.—12mo. both.

Lastly, the episode of Psyche has been translated into Swedish.—*Then underskiene Psyche, utaf Apuleio Madareuse*, etc.; by Martin Nyman, consul at Stockholm. Upsala, 1666, and Hulm, 1690.—8vo.

APOLOGY, COMMENTARIES, ETC.

“When a writer of fiction gives us such a tale as Psyche, we are hardly justified in picking flaws in his work; we overlook much and thank him heartily, especially when he has brought together so many familiar and piquant storiettes which stand in no need of an apology. Happy the romance, of unequal merit though it

NOTE

be, wherein there is some truth, and which bears the stamp of that indefinable something which we call grace!"—Such is the final judgment of a great critic of our own day touching the *Golden Ass*. But what endless discussions and fault-finding came before! Scholars were called upon at every instant to take up the defence of that African Roman, born in the reign of Trajan, who stored up for posterity so many excellent tales which we seek in vain elsewhere than in his works.

Even in his lifetime, he had to defend himself against the kinsmen of his wife, Pudentilla, whose heart they accused him of bewitching by sorcery and magic. To convict them

NOTE

of slander, it would have been sufficient for Apuleius to tell how little success he had had in the world. Indeed, with all his science of magic, although he was of a good family, well educated, and his eloquence was much esteemed, he was never able to obtain the office of magistrate. But he was not content with that evidence, and delivered before his judges an argument which confounded his accusers, despite the artifices to which they in their perfidy had resorted, to effect his ruin.

This *Apology* of Apuleius, which is sometimes divided into two orations, was printed separately, under the title of *Oratio de Magia*, at Heidelberg in 1594 (quarto); at Leyden in

NOTE

1607 (octavo), with emendations of J. Meursius; at Hanover, the same year (octavo), with a commentary by Scipio Gentilis; and at Paris in 1635, with notes by Priscæus, under this title:

Apuleii apologia, recognita et nonnullis notis ac observationibus illustrata a Jo. Priscæo.—4to., with plates. A highly esteemed edition; and not very expensive. Jean Bourdelot had it printed at his own cost. Isaac Casaubon had previously published an edition with the imprint of Commelin, in 1594.

But the episode of Psyche has always presented a peculiar attraction to the imagination of commentators. They have persisted in

NOTE

discovering a myth, an allegory, and in detecting a profound or mysterious meaning in that old woman's tale, told with the sole aim of diverting a lovely girl and preventing her from weeping. Every one knows that the Greek word *Ψυχή* means *soul*, and is also the name for the *moth* which delights to flutter about the light on summer evenings, and often burns its wings. Thence, innumerable metaphysical interpretations, exceedingly far-fetched and of late invention. Most of the commentators declare that Psyche represents the human soul, which, being exposed to error here on earth in the prison formed by the body, can rise to a superior view of affairs and to real

NOTE

enjoyment only as the result of trials and purification. All such theories are set forth in Creuzer's *Symbols*, translated by Guigniaut. They may be found in part in the following work :

A Philosophical Inquiry into the Moral Meaning of the Fable of Cupid and Psyche; by the Marquis de Romance-Mesmon. Hamburg, 1798.—8vo.

This volume contains a translation of the famous episode, more elegant than accurate, and disfigured, as is the *Inquiry* itself, by many typographical blunders.

In the same category should be placed certain other Italian and French poems; as, for instance :

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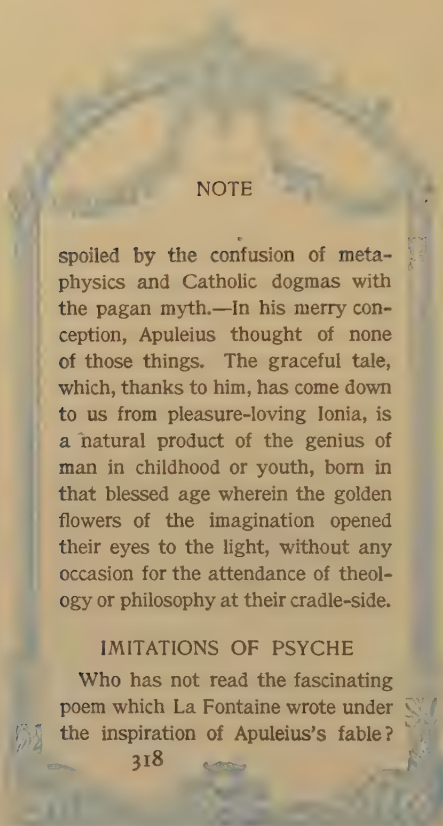
La Psiche, in versi, dello signore Giuseppe Cantelmo, primo duca de Popoli. Aquila, G. Cacchio, 1566.—4to.

La Psiche di Hercole Udine, con una breve Allegoria di Angelo Grillo. Venetia, 1599.—8vo.

Ψυχή, recueil de poésies par Th. Carlier. Ledoyen, Paris, 1838.—8vo. Under the same title, M. Jules Favre published in 1864 a small collection of verses, of which the natural poetic flow has something of the refreshing charm of a rustic fountain.

Psyché, poëme par Victor de Laprade; Labitte, 1851.—18mo. Republished by Lévy Frères, with *Odes et Poèmes*, 1847.—12mo.

There is genuine poetic talent in this work, but one's pleasure is



NOTE

spoiled by the confusion of metaphysics and Catholic dogmas with the pagan myth.—In his merry conception, Apuleius thought of none of those things. The graceful tale, which, thanks to him, has come down to us from pleasure-loving Ionia, is a natural product of the genius of man in childhood or youth, born in that blessed age wherein the golden flowers of the imagination opened their eyes to the light, without any occasion for the attendance of theology or philosophy at their cradle-side.

IMITATIONS OF PSYCHE

Who has not read the fascinating poem which La Fontaine wrote under the inspiration of Apuleius's fable?

NOTE

In those two books, partly in prose and partly in verse, the mischievous, yet ingenuous, fabulist gives free rein to his merry humor, and surrounds each adventure with an atmosphere of delicate and delicious irony. We will quote only what he says of love :

“ Sans cet amour tant d’objets ravissants,
Lambris dorés, bois, jardins et fontaines
N’ont point d’appas qui ne soient languissants,
Et leurs plaisirs sont moins doux que ses peines.”

Among the numerous editions of this work, the most noteworthy are :

NOTE

Les Amours de Psyché et de Cupidon, avec le poëme d'Adonis. Paris, Cl. Barbin et Thierry, 1669.—Small 8vo. Sold for 100 francs at the De Bure aîné sale.

Reproduced in duodecimo at The Hague, in 1700, by Adr. Moetjens, with illustrations; also in 1714.

The Same.—Paris, Defer de Maison-neuve (press of Didot jeune).—Large 4to., with colored plates after Schall's paintings. Sells at from 30 to 40 francs.

The Same.—Paris, Didot jeune et Saugrain, 1795 and 1797.—4to., with portrait of La Fontaine by Audouin, after Rigaud, and eight vignettes by Moreau. These latter form the most attractive series of the artist's

NOTE

vignettes in his second manner. The copy on vellum containing the original drawings has been sold for 1020 francs. Another copy, containing proofs before letter of Moreau's illustrations, also etchings, as high as 1100 francs. The Moreau plates were reduced later to 18mo. size by Delvau.

The Same.—Paris, Didot aîné, 1797. —4to., with five plates by Tardieu, after Gérard.

The Same.—Paris, Saugrain, 1797. —Two volumes, 12mo., with plates after Moreau.

The Same.—Paris, Bleuet (press of Didot aîné), 1800. —Two volumes, 8vo., with nine engravings by Coigny, after Moreau's drawings.

NOTE

Les Amours de Psyché et Cupidon, suivies des poèmes d'Adonis, de la Captivité de Saint Malc et du Quinquina. Stereotyped by Herhan. Paris, press of Les Frères Mame, 1810.—Small 12mo.

Les Amours de Psyché et Cupidon, lithographiées d'après les dessins de Raphaël, par Bouillon, Châtillon, Fragonard, etc. Paris, Castel de Courteval, 1825.—Folio, with thirty-three plates.

A sumptuous edition of La Fontaine's poem.

The Russian poet Boydanovitch, born in 1743, successfully imitated La Fontaine's charming tale.

Late in the eighteenth century, Demoustier, author of *Lettres à Emilie*

NOTE

sur la Mythologie, undertook to deal with this delicate subject, and treated it with more learning and skill than sentiment.

“Tout à coup, au milieu des ombres
de la nuit,

Les rideaux s'ouvrent à grand bruit.

Psyché sent une main, frissonne et la
repousse.

‘Ah! que le monstre a la main
douce!’

Réfléchit-elle; ‘hélas! que n'est-il
aussi doux!’

Mais une voix plus douce encore

Lui dit: ‘Psyché, c'est moi qui vous
adore,

Et que l'amour vous donne pour
époux.’

NOTE

'Puisque le ciel le veut, dévorez-moi,' dit-elle;

'Me voici.' 'Moi, vous dévorer? Moi, votre amant soumis; moi, votre époux fidèle!'

'Hélas! comment puis-je espérer Ces procédés d'un monstre!' 'Un monstre, quand il aime, Tout monstre qu'il est, s'embellit.'"

None of these imitations can be compared with the original tale; all of them are more or less cold in some part; a touch of languor and ennui always creeps in. Even after so many experiments and revisions, Apuleius's version still remains, in the judgment of connoisseurs, the

NOTE

most agreeable and the most spirited.

We may call attention also to the following works on the same subject :

La Psyché de Village, comedy in five acts, by Guérin, 1705.

Psyché, poem in eight cantos, by Abbé Aubert. Paris, Moutard, 1769.

L'Amour et Psyché, poem by Serieys, 1789.—12mo.

Psyché, fable morale, in five acts, in verse, with choruses and a prologue. Agen, Pomaret, 1599.—12mo.

Discours du Ballet de la Reine, tiré de la Fable de Psyché; by Scipion de Grammont. Paris, Jean Sara, 1629.—12mo.

NOTE

Ballet de Psyché, dansé par Sa Majesté au Louvre, le 16 Janvier 1656; words by Benserade. Paris, Ballard, 1656.—4to.

Psyché, tragi-comédie et ballet, in five acts; produced in 1670.

This last work, the music of which was by Lulli, was written by Molière, Quinault, and P. Corneille. It is well known that the great dramatist, after writing the first two acts, being pressed for time, had recourse to the author of *Le Cid*. Corneille, despite his sixty-five years, produced lines which form an admirable contrast to the other masterpieces of his stern, eminently masculine genius. Listen to this amorous dialogue:

NOTE

L'AMOUR

Le voilà, ce serpent, ce monstre im-
pitoyable,
Q'un oracle étonnant pour vous a
préparé,
Et qui n'est pas peut-être à tel point
effroyable,
Que vous vous l'êtes figuré.

PSYCHÉ

Vous, seigneur, vous seriez ce mons-
tre dont l'oracle
A menacé mes tristes jours,
Vous qui semblez plutôt un dieu qui,
par miracle,
Daigne venir lui-même à mon se-
cours.

NOTE

Then she asks her lover if he is jealous, and obtains in reply these fine lines :

“Je le suis, ma Psyché, de toute la nature.

Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop souvent ;

Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses du vent ;” etc.

Another *Psyché*, a *tragédie opéra* in five acts, was produced on April 19, 1678,—words by Thomas Corneille and Fontenelle, music by Lulli,—and published in quarto form the same year by Baudry.

Indeed, it may well be true, as La Motte said, that the fable of *Psyche*

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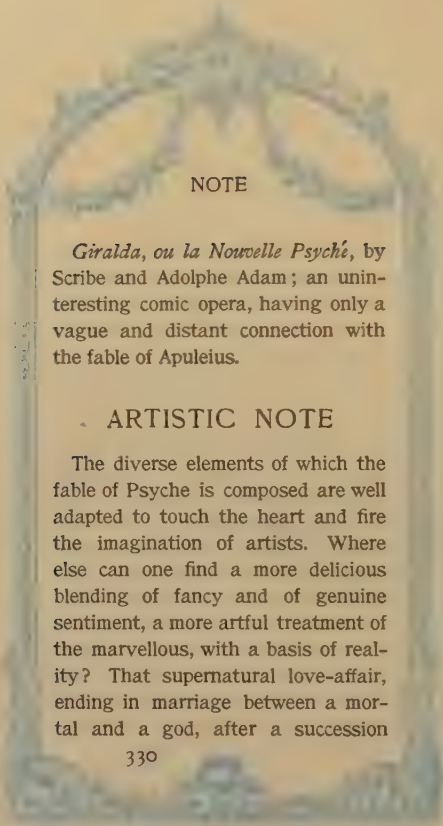
suggested the opera, to which it is so perfectly adapted. Besides the works of that sort already mentioned, we find an opéra-comique entitled *L'Esclavage de Psyché*; also :

Les Dieux, ou l'Amour et Psyché; third act of the ballet *L'Empire de l'Amour*; words by Montcrief, music by the Chevalier Brassac. Paris, Ballard, 1733.—4to.

Histoire des Amours de Cupidon et de Psyché, spectacle à machines, in five acts, by Bazin, engineer; music by Blaise. Paris, Delaguette, 1751.—4to.

The charming ballet by Gardel.

Psyché; opéra-comique in three acts; words by J. Barbier and Michel Curré, music by Ambroise Thomas; produced January 26, 1857.

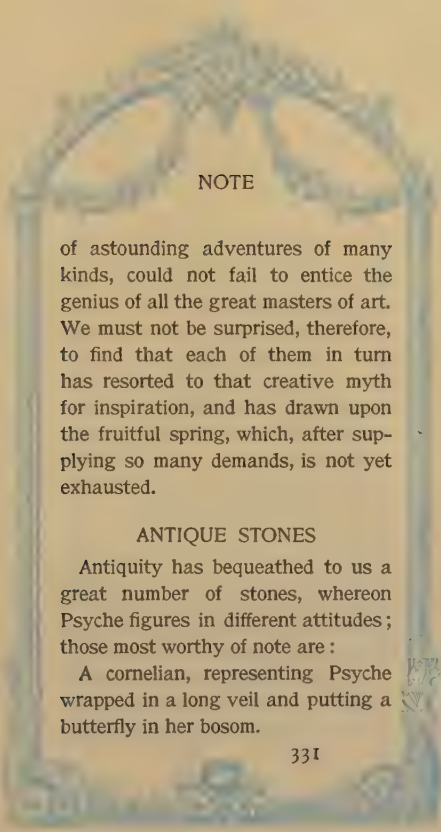
A decorative arch frame with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns, enclosing the text.

NOTE

Giralda, ou la Nouvelle Psyché, by Scribe and Adolphe Adam; an uninteresting comic opera, having only a vague and distant connection with the fable of Apuleius.

ARTISTIC NOTE

The diverse elements of which the fable of *Psyche* is composed are well adapted to touch the heart and fire the imagination of artists. Where else can one find a more delicious blending of fancy and of genuine sentiment, a more artful treatment of the marvellous, with a basis of reality? That supernatural love-affair, ending in marriage between a mortal and a god, after a succession



NOTE

of astounding adventures of many kinds, could not fail to entice the genius of all the great masters of art. We must not be surprised, therefore, to find that each of them in turn has resorted to that creative myth for inspiration, and has drawn upon the fruitful spring, which, after supplying so many demands, is not yet exhausted.

ANTIQUE STONES

Antiquity has bequeathed to us a great number of stones, whereon Psyche figures in different attitudes; those most worthy of note are :

A cornelian, representing Psyche wrapped in a long veil and putting a butterfly in her bosom.

NOTE

A carved sard: Psyche in a long gown, raised above the waist, and carrying the train in one hand.

Another sard: Psyche is holding the torch by whose light she proposes rashly to scrutinize her lover.

Mould of antique glass: *Cupid and Psyche in their Marriage Bed.*

Other antiques: *Psyche Asleep*; *Psyche Awakened by Cupid*; *Psyche Drawing Water from the Fountain of Cocytus.*

There is a bas-relief at the Vatican, representing, it is believed, Cupid and Psyche before the throne of Pluto and Proserpine.

Lastly, the museum of the Capitol possesses a group of *Cupid and Psyche*, which is justly admired for

NOTE

the grace of the conception and the beauty of the figures; it has been many times reproduced in engravings.

SCULPTURE

Among the most remarkable statues upon this theme, produced since the Renaissance, we must mention :

Canova's two groups: *Psyche and Cupid Playing with a Butterfly*, and *Psyche Detained by Love*, both of which are at the Musée du Louvre, in the room which bears the name of Chaudet. In the same room is another group: *Zephyr and Psyche*, by Rutchiel.

The statue exhibited by Duret in the Salon of 1812.

NOTE

That of the English sculptor Westmacott: *Psyche Raising the Lid of the Box*—also of 1812; it has been engraved by Réveil.

Milhomme's *Psyche* (1810); the statues of *Psyche Abandoned* (1817), and the *Oxen* (1845), by Matte; those by Aug. Pajou and Carrier-Belleuse (1872); the *Cupid and Psyche* of Fr. Delaistre, at the Musée du Louvre, in the Salle de Houdon.

A small bronze by Pradier.

Henri de Triquetti's bas-relief (1842).

A marble statue by M. Otin (1847), and another by L. Delvaux.

Psyche Asleep, by M. Oudiné (1855).

NOTE

Psyche Holding the Fatal Lamp, by
M. Peiffer (1869-1870).

PAINTING

The most famous pictures are
those of

Titian: *Cupid Coming to Join the
Sleeping Psyche*.

Adrien van der Werf: *Psyche and
Cupid Lying in the Same Bed*.

Nic. Vleughels: *Venus Ordering
Psyche to Go down to Hades*, engraved
by Le Bas.

The Correggio and the Rembrandt,
engraved by OEser; the Van Dyck,
engraved by Bernard Lens.

A picture by Angelica Kauffman,
engraved by Marcuard in 1784, and
by Buchorn in 1801.

NOTE

A Rubens: *Psyche Attended by Mercury*.

Jules Romain's *Nuptials of Cupid and Psyche*.

Paul Brill's *Triumph of Psyche*, at the Musée des Offices.

The pictures of *Psyche Gazing at the Sleeping Cupid*, by Ant. Molinari, at the Dresden Museum; by Bellucci, at the Pinacothek (Munich), engraved by Valentine Green in 1784; by Ant. Coypel, to whom we also owe a *Cupid Rescuing Psyche*; by N. N. Coypel; by G. Manozzi, engraved by Lorenzo; by Rubens, engraved by Hælwegh; by Guido Reni (sold for 3700 francs in 1777); by La Grenée (Salon of 1769), and by Belle, 1771; the two latter are well

NOTE

known, by favor of Diderot's witty criticisms.

Those of *Psyche Abandoned by Love*, by Titian, L. David, Lafond (1831), Fr. Dubois (1857), and Glaize (1870).

A *Psyche*, by Greuze (1786); another, by Amaury-Duval (1870).

A Nattier, engraved by Audran: *Psyche Sentenced to Sort the Grain* (the same subject was treated by François Tuaire in 1822).

Psyche and her Sisters, by Serangetti (1810).

Gérard's famous picture: *Cupid Embracing Psyche*. It has been sketched by Cabasson and engraved by Guillaume.

Psyche Borne by Zephyr—a fascinating picture by Prud'hon.

NOTE

Cupid Leaving Psyche's Bed, by Picot (1819), engraved by Aug. Burdet and by Réveil.

Psyche Welcomed by the Nymphs, by Glaize (1842).

A Diaz, sold for 2000 francs in 1857.

Four pictures by Lafitte in the Salon of 1817: *Psyche Bathing*, *Psyche Abandoned*, *Psyche Tossing the Cake to Cerberus*, and *Psyche Going forth from Hades*.

At the Exposition of 1859, the sketches were exhibited of six paintings with which M. Emile Wathier proposed to decorate Baron de Crisenoy's palace.

At that of 1865, Hillemacher's *Psyche in Hades* was shown.

NOTE

And in 1859 and 1867, M. Curzon exhibited a *Psyche Returning with the Box*.

The most famous frescoes are: that of Luca Cambiaso at the Imperiali Palace, Genoa, representing Psyche before the council of the gods; the *Apotheosis of Psyche*, fresco by Ap-
piani, at the Monza Palace, engraved by Giuseppe Baretta; and, above all, those of Raphael, in the loggia of the Farnesina Palace. It is generally believed that the great artist made only the cartoons, turning over to his pupils the task of completing his work, which includes ten pendentives, two ceilings, and several lunettes. These different compositions were engraved by Nic. Dorigny (1693), by Jo. Juster (1690), and by Campanella,

NOTE

Chigi, Frantz Schubert, etc. In the seventeenth century, J.-B. Corneille decorated with nine paintings relating to Psyche the gallery of President Amelot de Biseuil's house in Paris.

ENGRAVING

We cannot undertake to enumerate all the engravings relating to our subject; we must be content to call attention to a few of the most noteworthy, in addition to those we have already mentioned.

Psyché Curieuse, by Basan, after Le Moyne.

Psyché Consolée, by Audran, after J.-M. Nattier.

Mercury Carrying Psyche Away, by Jean Muller, after De Vries.

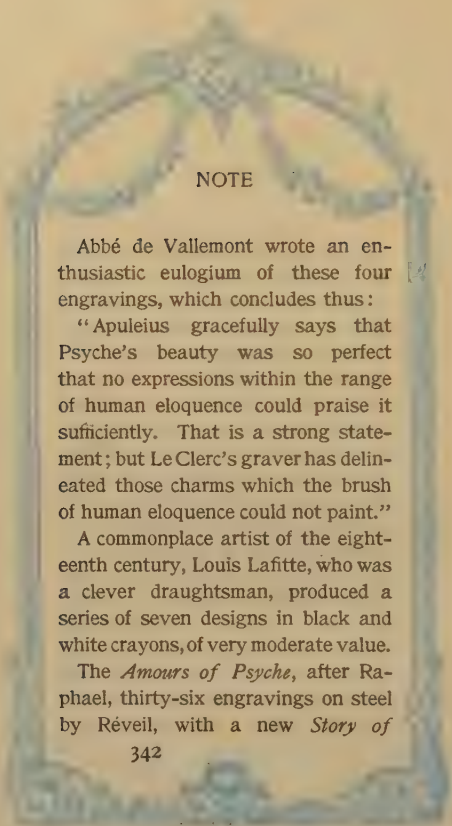
NOTE

Mercury and Psyche, print by Breughel le Vieux.

Psyche Declining Divine Honors, etching by Parizeau, after Boucher.

Prints by Blooteling, Is. Beckett, and W. Humphreys.

Among the works of Sebastien Le Clerc, the foremost engraver of the seventeenth century, are four fine plates suggested by the poetic episode of Cupid and Psyche. The first represents Psyche seated on a throne and receiving the homage of the nymphs; the second introduces us to Venus's toilet; in the third, we see Cupid in despair at the loss of his sweetheart, and the fourth represents the marriage ceremony.



NOTE

Abbé de Vallemont wrote an enthusiastic eulogium of these four engravings, which concludes thus:

"Apuleius gracefully says that Psyche's beauty was so perfect that no expressions within the range of human eloquence could praise it sufficiently. That is a strong statement; but Le Clerc's graver has delineated those charms which the brush of human eloquence could not paint."

A commonplace artist of the eighteenth century, Louis Lafitte, who was a clever draughtsman, produced a series of seven designs in black and white crayons, of very moderate value.

The *Amours of Psyche*, after Raphael, thirty-six engravings on steel by Réveil, with a new *Story of*

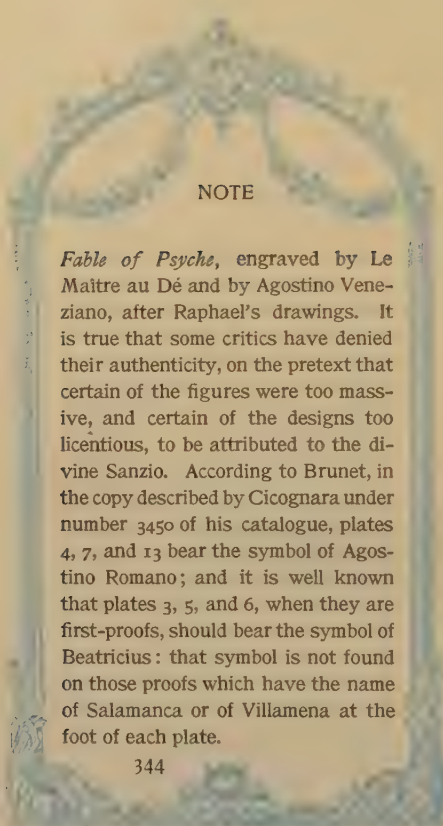
NOTE

Psyche by Lemolt Phalary (English and French), appeared at Paris in 1832. The volume usually contains, in addition, the *Loves of the Gods*, after Titian, Annibal Carrache, and Jules Romain, eighteen etchings on steel by Réveil, with notes by Duchesne Aîné. Paris, 1833.

Psyches et Amoris nuptiæ ac fabula a Raphaele Sanctio, Romæ, in Farnesianis hortis trans Tiberim expressa, a Nic. Dorigny delineata et incisa, a Jo. P. Bellario notis illustrata.

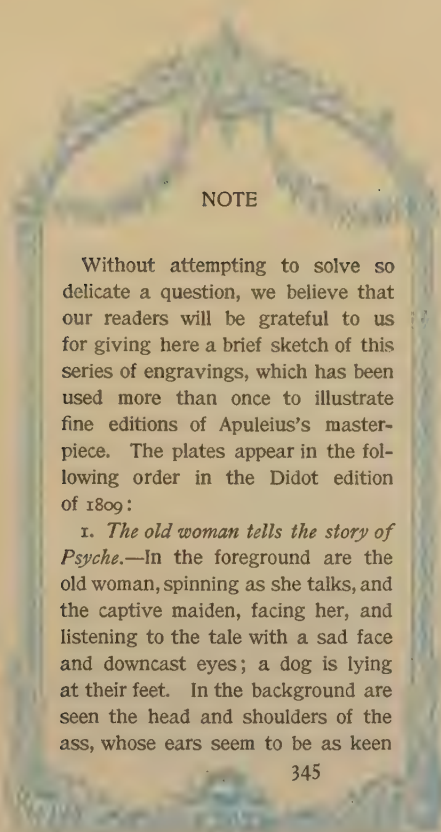
A colored copy of this folio of 1693, without the frontispiece, has been sold for 220 francs.

Still more valuable than these twelve plates by Dorigny are the thirty-two prints constituting the

A decorative arch frame made of intricate, symmetrical scrollwork and floral patterns, enclosing the text. The arch is pointed at the top and widens at the base.

NOTE

Fable of Psyche, engraved by Le Maître au Dé and by Agostino Veneziano, after Raphael's drawings. It is true that some critics have denied their authenticity, on the pretext that certain of the figures were too massive, and certain of the designs too licentious, to be attributed to the divine Sanzio. According to Brunet, in the copy described by Cicognara under number 3450 of his catalogue, plates 4, 7, and 13 bear the symbol of Agostino Romano; and it is well known that plates 3, 5, and 6, when they are first-proofs, should bear the symbol of Beatricius: that symbol is not found on those proofs which have the name of Salamanca or of Villamena at the foot of each plate.



NOTE

Without attempting to solve so delicate a question, we believe that our readers will be grateful to us for giving here a brief sketch of this series of engravings, which has been used more than once to illustrate fine editions of Apuleius's masterpiece. The plates appear in the following order in the Didot edition of 1809:

1. *The old woman tells the story of Psyche.*—In the foreground are the old woman, spinning as she talks, and the captive maiden, facing her, and listening to the tale with a sad face and downcast eyes; a dog is lying at their feet. In the background are seen the head and shoulders of the ass, whose ears seem to be as keen

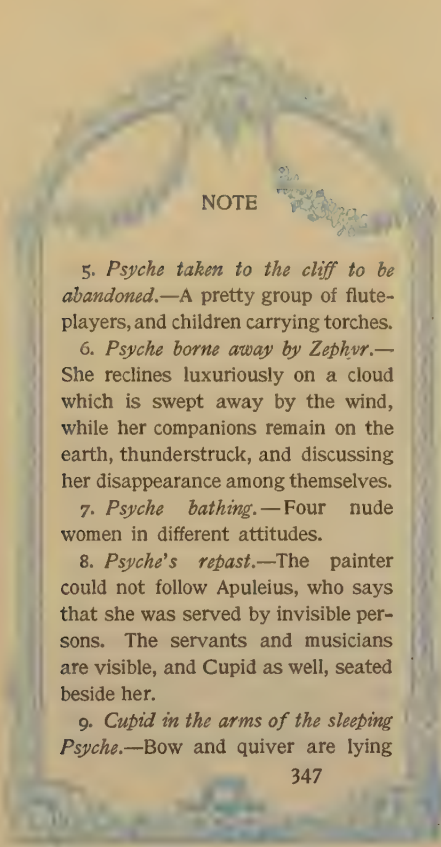
NOTE

as they are long, and who listens to the old woman's tale with rapt attention.

2. *Divine honors are paid to Psyche.*—Old men and children of both sexes prostrate themselves before her. In the background, her two jealous sisters confide their vexations to each other. In the distance, Venus and Cupid on a cloud.

3. *Psyche's sisters become queens.*—A king and queen on their throne; retainers grouped about them. A noble and dignified scene.

4. *Psyche's father consults the oracle of Apollo.*—Behind him, the priests of the god, and the victims they are about to sacrifice. A statue of Apollo erected on the altar.



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5. *Psyche taken to the cliff to be abandoned.*—A pretty group of flute-players, and children carrying torches.

6. *Psyche borne away by Zephyr.*—She reclines luxuriously on a cloud which is swept away by the wind, while her companions remain on the earth, thunderstruck, and discussing her disappearance among themselves.

7. *Psyche bathing.*—Four nude women in different attitudes.

8. *Psyche's repast.*—The painter could not follow Apuleius, who says that she was served by invisible persons. The servants and musicians are visible, and Cupid as well, seated beside her.

9. *Cupid in the arms of the sleeping Psyche.*—Bow and quiver are lying

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on the ground. A very beautiful, but licentious, conception. The most displeasing feature is the face of the young god, who looks like a mere baby.

10. *Psyche at her toilet*.—Three women are bustling about her, combing her hair and perfuming her.

11. *Psyche giving her sisters presents*.

12. *Psyche's sisters advise her to stab her husband*.—In the background, the seashore with vessels; still farther back, gods supported by a cloud.

13. *Psyche, on the point of stabbing her husband, recognizes Cupid*.—This plate comprises three scenes: (1) Psyche trying the point of an arrow on her finger; (2) kneeling on the

NOTE

bed, with the lamp in one hand, the knife in the other, she recognizes Cupid; (3) she tries in vain to detain her flying lover by clinging to his foot.

14. *Psyche inconsolable because of Cupid's flight*.—She is on her knees, her head resting on her hand, in a despairing attitude.

15. *Psyche goes back to her sisters*.—A group of three women. In the background, the cliff from which Psyche's ambitious sister hurls herself into space.

16. *Venus on the water*.—A mythological group, engraved, as are all the preceding ones, by C. Normand.

17. *Wounded Cupid reprimanded by Venus*.—He is in bed, listening to his mother with an anxious expression.

NOTE

A group of three women; a peacock spreading his feathers. Engraved by Le Bas.

18. *Psyche prostrating herself before Ceres.*—The inexorable goddess refuses to listen, and motions to her to be gone.

19. *Psyche appeals to Juno.*—Engraved by Boutrois.

20. *Venus goes to appeal to Jupiter.*—Her elbows rest on her chariot, drawn by doves, and the god listens kindly to her, with the eagle at his feet, and Mercury by his side. Engraved by Le Bas.

21. *Psyche tortured at Venus's command.*—One woman is dragging her by the hair, another beating her with rods.

NOTE

22. *Psyche shows Venus that her task is performed.*—In front of her are the piles of grain sorted by the ants.

23. *Venus orders Psyche to bring her the Golden Fleece.*

24. *Venus orders Psyche to go on a mission to Proserpine.*—Not particularly expressive. Engraved by F. Smith, like the preceding.

25. *Psyche crosses the Styx.*—She has in her hands the box which Venus sent her to obtain from Proserpine. On the bank are the ass and his lame driver.

26. *Psyche throws the sop to Cerberus.*

27. *Psyche at Proserpine's knees.*—A very beautiful design, engraved by F. Smith, like the last two.

NOTE

28. *Cupid gives back to Psyche the box she had indiscreetly opened.*—Engraved by Boutrois. Very beautiful and expressive faces.

29. *Jupiter yields to Cupid's entreaties.*—Mercury is just setting forth, in obedience to the order of the ruler of the gods. Engraved by Le Bas.

30. *Cupid weds Psyche.*—Conclave of the gods. Engraved by Smith.

31. *Nuptial festival of Cupid and Psyche.*—Nymphs offer them flowers. Engraved by Madame Daréna.

32. *Psyche and Cupid in the marriage bed.*—The god's face is decidedly too childlike. Engraved by Smith.

The foregoing details are from the French of A. J. Pons.





